# SALON
## OF
# 1890

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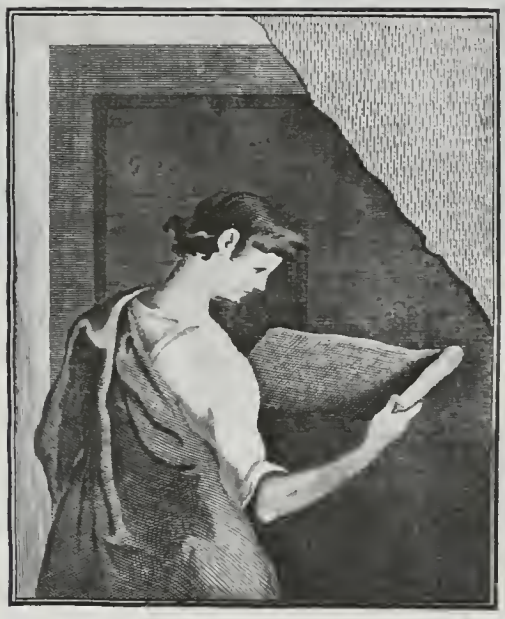

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# SALON OF 1890

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*With text in English, translated by HENRY BACON*

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N° 

ARMAND DAYOT

# THE SALON OF 1890

ONE HUNDRED PLATES IN PHOTOGRAVURE

AND ETCHINGS

BY

GOUPIL & C°

With text in English, translated by HENRY BACON

PARIS

GOUPIL & C°

BOUSSOD, VALADON & Co., SUCCESSORS

BOSTON

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# THE SALON

## PAINTING

By vainly pondering over the fate of the "old moons," many inquiring spirits lose, we think, much valuable time.

They would perhaps employ it more profitably, and would largely enlist the sympathies of their contemporaries, if they endeavored to resolve that disquieting problem which so many of us daily propose to ourselves, but the solution of which evades the most subtle reasoning : *Where do the old canvases go to?*

In truth, I am for ever asking myself that question, and I cannot, even by dint of the most searching inquiry, discover the mysterious retreats into which glide, as into some hospitable harbor, all those effete productions, those immense crowds of despised daubs, which through a sequence of years wander at haphazard from exhibition to exhibition, ever scourged by the lash of criticism, but which finally disappear and cease to afflict our eyes with their lamentable inanity. Where do they go to?

The thought persistently recurs to me, especially on the eve of a new Salon, at that supreme moment of the year when the sky is flooded with azure, when the world wears only smiles, when the air is laden with song, and all Nature, adorned with brightest, freshest colors, seems to return to life with a deep sigh composed of the breath of flowers. What a happy moment for all, except for the unfortunate critic, that luckless victim, of whom the world of painted figures will take entire possession, and who, in his overweening conscientiousness, is going to try and fix the remembrance of objects which to-morrow may be enveloped in oblivion, and of which ere long all traces will be sought for in vain.

A small piece of paper which I have at this moment before me, and which, with startling eloquence, proclaims the precise number of paintings and drawings submitted this year to the scrutiny of the jury in the Champs-Élysées, is partly responsible for these melancholy reflections.

How we pity that august tribunal appointed to examine all these artistic efforts, whose arduous labors are presided over with such authority by M. Gérome! Would that, in selecting the works intended for our admiration, it could be still more severe than just! This desire, formulated by a critic whose physical powers are not always abreast of his good intentions, does not emanate from a thorough disinterestedness; — in truth, I ask myself whether Hercules, the son of Jupiter and Alcmene, could have endured, without flagging, an examination, as conscientious as it is rapid,

PORTRAIT OF M. CARNOT

PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

A MISTY MORNING

of 4,000 paintings and 2,432 drawings, pastels, engravings—— etc. These are the official figures of the works sent in this year to the Salon of the Palais de l'Industrie.

One would have thought that after the gigantic efforts made by the whole body of painters for the occasion of the Great Exhibition of 1889, the produce would be below the average this year, and that the Catalogue of the Société des Artistes would be less bulky.

Another cause, too, would have justified one in supposing that the works sent to the Palais de l'Industrie would not be so numerous as in previous years, viz., the recent establishment of the Salon of the Champ de Mars, of which we shall have to speak hereafter, and whither tend, so we are told, pictures innumerable.

Such has not been the case, and at the present moment all the walls capable of becoming temporary resting-places for works painted during the last twelvemonth are covered high and low with frames.

Having scrupulously examined the whole of these pictures, we would confine our remarks here to a few which, for their originality of execution and other sterling qualities, are really worthy of close and attentive consideration.

We flatter ourselves that the reader will not take it amiss that this rather limited selection will relieve him of the necessity of taking stock of works of third-rate quality and of no interest.

* * *

— "Alas! she said.
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
TENNYSON.

Once upon a time——

The reader will pardon our digressing thus into a tradition of yore; it is absolutely necessary to a due comprehension of our subject.

Once upon a time, at a very distant period, a certain English

earl named Leofric treated the inhabitants of the town of Coventry with great severity. There was no oppressive measure to which he did not resort for filling his coffers with gold at their expense.

At last the citizens, weary of being crushed by these heavy imposts and of leading the most wretched existence, on hearing that a new tax was about to be levied, revolted.

Leofric, as may well be imagined, became furious, and was taking steps to cruelly punish the rebels, when his wife, Lady Godiva, the perfection of grace, beauty, and innocence, and as gentle and compassionate as he was fierce and rapacious, threw herself in tears at his feet, and implored him to pardon his miserable vassals and not render their lot harder by the creation of this fresh impost.

J. J. HENNES

MELANCHOLY

Ch. Chaplin

The tyrant, ever ready with some fiendish caprice, promised all she asked, but on one condition. And what a condition!

"Yes, my lady," said he, "I will pardon your friends for their insubordination, and I will forego the new tax, if you consent to ride through the streets of the town at daybreak to-morrow, on horseback, *naked*."

"I will," calmly replied the chaste and courageous dame, the blood mantling to her cheeks.

Leofric, who thought he had imposed a condition that would not be accepted, found himself sorely perplexed by his own imprudence. He at once ordered a herald to announce, with a flourish of trumpets, that while the task was being performed, "whoever dared to cast a glance on his wife should be hung."

A certain individual, since famed as Peeping Tom, a little, mischievous, humpbacked tailor, was the only one who ventured to transgress the order. The temptation was so strong——

The imprudent fellow was terribly punished, for he had scarcely opened his garret window when a ray of light, flashing like a dart, destroyed the sight of one eye. He had not long to bear his new infirmity, for the next day Leofric, who wished to be alone in the knowledge of the mysterious treasures of beauty possessed by his wife, had him strung up to a gibbet. The tax was however repealed, and ever since that time the inhabitants of Coventry have revered the name of Lady Godiva as that of a saint.

Tennyson, in one of his most poetical lays, has recited this sublime deed of the beautiful Lady Godiva. It was, without doubt, while reading the English Laureate, that M. Jules Lefebvre discovered the picturesqueness of the subject, and he has interpreted its touching originality in a grand composition, which will be a marked success in this year's Salon.

M. Jules Lefebvre presents Lady Godiva to us, as, with no other adornment than her long golden hair, she is passing through the streets of the town, on a palfrey led by one of her maids.

The impression made by an inspection of this picture is that the Tennysonian legend has been interpreted with as much sympathy and as powerful a realization as possible. We feel that the artist must have long meditated upon his subject; that he must have treasured up, during this gradual intellectual preparation, every little detail; that he must have lived the legendary life of his characters, and have fallen most violently—but yet most justifiably — in love with the heroic countess. It does not require a person gifted with extraordinary perspicacity to divine, at first sight, that this remarkable work is not the spontaneous outcome of a mere reading. Each detail of the composition is stamped with too great a suggestiveness not to have been long and carefully thought over, and I confess, for my part, that I find the Lady Godiva of M. Lefebvre's canvas to be the same figure that I have seen pass and repass, as a white and gentle vision, throughout the harmonious lines of Tennyson. I cannot otherwise imagine her.

If my memory serves me, the English poet relates that the terrible ordeal was enacted at the first glimpse of day, and M. Lefebvre, in the fidelity of his interpretation, shows us Lady Godiva passing along the principal street in Coventry in the grey of early dawn. The soft, pearly whiteness of her young, tender figure is resplendent in the feeble nascent daylight; the veil of partial obscurity, although becoming lighter and lighter, still envelopes the actors and other objects of the scene, and softens the angles and outlines.

The picturesque and mediæval aspect of the old street is rendered with the greatest fidelity to archæological accuracy.

The citizens, prudently mindful of the orders of the terrible Leofric, keep their doors and windows fast. Peeping Tom alone, lurking behind his half-opened window, watches with a greedy eye the progress of the fair equestrian. The impression of silence is admirably given by the artist, and in this deserted street, with its houses apparently all tenantless, one hears nought but the

NEIGHBOURS

M[illegible] F[illegible]-AI[illegible]

A LETTER TO THER GRANDSON

sound of the horse's hoofs on the roadway, and the panting respiration of the maid, whose look of anxiety and nervous step are treated in a masterly way and well depict her anguish.

As to Lady Godiva, with hands devoutly crossed upon her bosom, her eyes half-closed, her lips just parted as in prayer,

and her face turned upwards to heaven, she accomplishes heroically her painful pilgrimage. And her calm, chaste attitude proves how little the angelic creature suspects that any ardent gaze is directed towards her, or that her morning ride in complete *deshabille* is witnessed by aught living, save the white dove hovering near her—a graceful symbol of the purity of her whole being.

Assuredly the exclusive apostles of modern theories will find but

poor satisfaction in beholding this somewhat archaic picture, of which the fabulous subject is treated in the form most suitable to it.

For our own part, although subjects taken from real life and expressed with a learned originality have for us quite a special attraction, we are ready to confess that our broad eclecticism has permitted us to contemplate with the greatest pleasure this exquisite figure of Lady Godiva, so gracefully perfect in design, so skilfully executed,—a figure which, we do not doubt, will rank among the finest achievements of Jules Lefebvre.

At the Salon Lady Godiva's charms will have numerous admirers, who will, however, be able to enjoy the spectacle without having to dread the fate of the audacious Peeping Tom.

* * *

Since that already distant time when Decamps exhibited his *Plover shooting* and his *Soldier of the Vizier's Guard,*—two pictures of Oriental nature and life, executed for once with sincerity and without any imaginary romantic caprice, by an artist truly enamored of the countries favored by the sun, and not inspired solely by the golden rhymes of Victor Hugo, or by the stories of the Abbé Michon,—the number of painters of Oriental subjects has considerably increased.

Nowadays whole legions of artists cross the Mediterranean yearning for the fiercer brilliancy of African light, and with their minds filled with sunlit visions. There is not a boat of the great steamship companies, touching at Oran, Algiers, or Goletta, that does not carry thither some young Oriental artist and his fortune. The State no sooner allots a sum of money for traveling expenses to a successful competitor of the Salon, than the elect hastily packs up his portmanteau and forthwith steams towards the sun, as joyous as a lark, while the Dürers, the Halses, the Rembrandts and the Terburgs, in their old frames, mournfully watch him depart without casting one lingering look behind.

A. ANDERSON

MOLA BILLET

A HART PULL

He can scarcely spare time in passing through North Italy, to turn aside and give a friendly salute to Botticelli, Raphael, and Leonardo.

Recently I made, for the second time, a pious pilgrimage to the shrine of the blessed Bou-Medine, a saint for whom I have the utmost veneration.

It is indeed a charming spot where the sacred remains of this marabout are deposited. In a little village of white houses, perched on a green hillside—one of those luxuriant greens so dear to Delacroix—abounding in burnooses and haiks, is a very old and very handsome mosque, embroidered all over inside with texts from the Koran, and adorned with brilliantly dyed stuffs full of perfumed freshness, and whose slender minaret, standing out against the heavens, in the morning is almost red, at midday timid, trembling

white, and quite rosy when the setting sun throws it a last kiss from the old ramparts of Mansoorah.

This little village, venerated throughout the whole of Islam, whither of old came the sovereigns of Tlemcen to converse with the anchorites, is set in a marvelous landscape, a true biblical champaign studded all over with gently rising hillocks, scaled in close ranks by olive and pomegranate trees, and checkered with green and white expanses where grow delicious grapes and where the cornstalks are bent beneath the weight of heavy ears. The land of Canaan——

To get there from Tlemcen, which is distant about half a league, one must cross a native cemetery, a vast *campo santo* of several square miles—for the Arabs never disturb their dead,—where entire generations sleep side by side.

Tall, luxuriant, shining grass, sprinkled with superb flowers, covers almost all the tombs, over which the wild fig-trees and the small-leaved pepper-plants cast their blue, shadowy veils.

In this charming country, everything, even Death, smiles at us.

. . .

It is dreamland, a real poem of Nature, where all the perfumes and colors are mingled in one gentle, harmonious melancholy of remembrance, and where, at frequent intervals, just as at Cernay, Barbizon, or Pont-Aven, I saw immense sunshades sheltering Oriental painters terribly in earnest, who had come from every part of the globe to endeavor to fix on canvas for all time the magical splendors of the sun.

From Decamps onwards many artists have crossed the seas to beg of the sun undying inspirations, and to fix in a lasting form the radiant charms of Africa and the impressive vibrations of its atmosphere. How few have triumphed! How many have returned disheartened, their dreams dispelled! Let us name those who have

O. DE PENNE

THE PRINCE [illegible]

P. TAVERNIER

BOAR HUNTING THE DEATH

A. N. D. 18

been successful : Decamps, Marilhat, Delacroix, Fromentin, Gérome, Regnault, Guillaumet.—Can you find any others among our French artists?

Marilhat, Regnault, Guillaumet,—ardent lovers of the sun, laid low by Death in the flower of life, and in all the vigor of their talent.

One is almost led to believe in the Icarian legend——

* * *

But forbid it Heaven that we should say that, of all this young generation of painters whom the East has attracted, and who have crossed the sea, burning with the desire of recording for the benefit of their less fortunate brethren of the West, who have to exist in a region of grey fogs, the velvety splendors of African nights, the glare of the bare hills and white solitudes, the savage dignity of the Arabs, not one has been able to rise to the height of his luminous subject!

Of all the tasks which the Administration des Beaux-Arts honors us with, one of the most agreeable, without doubt, is that of examining the impressions brought back by the traveling students from their artistic tours throughout the world, and of embodying in separate reports our opinion of the works of these young artists.

We must admit that each of these reports is in general a very eulogistic verification of the labors achieved by our prizemen.

With rare exceptions these *boursiers de voyage* return home, after a year's absence, laden with studies in oil and water-colors, with drawings and sketches, and even with written impressions of the highest interest. I confess that the pleasure I experience in reviewing all these notes—which are of the most surprising candor, and wherein the temperament of the artist vividly impressed by unexpected sights is manifested in all its native force,—is very

great; and it would please me much if the Administration des Beaux-Arts decided on having, as in the case of the students sent to Rome, an exhibition of the studies, many of which are very important, of our traveling students. The latter, we are convinced, would be delighted with the prospect, and we have no difficulty in persuading ourselves that the public would find in the

inspection of these works, so truthful and yet so varied, as much satisfaction as in the examination of the annual contributions from the Villa Medici.

Belgium, Holland, Italy, Spain, Morocco, Algiers, Tunis—these are the countries which *in a single year,* the majority of our youthful, indefatigable artists traverse at full speed, with palette and brush in hand.

We need hardly say that their longest stay is made in the

three last-named countries. Certain of them, like MM. Dinet, Girardot, Bompard, and Paul Leroy, return with a species of nostalgic melancholy of exotic growth. The luminous depths of the desert have an irresistible attraction for them. Henceforth they are possessed by Africa. They are the descendants of the great painters whose names have been already cited. They are smitten by the pitiless *mal du soleil,* and they are condemned to live in its dazzling rays.

It is on the works of these four artists that we must now look most attentively, if we wish to follow the development of our great Oriental school, which for a time was suspended by the death of the lamented Guillaumet.

MM. Dinet and Girardot being exhibitors in the Champ de Mars, we shall only speak of them in the second part of this review.

* * *

M. Maurice Bompard sends two specially noteworthy canvases entitled "The Butchers of Chemla" and "Old Chemla," which will this year bring the artist's name prominently forward.

To be frank, we had some anxiety as to the future of M. Bompard, whom we followed with the keenest interest in his earlier efforts, when he brought back from Tunis pictures which were certainly not deficient in quality and in which there was at times a truly artistic feeling; but frequently they were executed in an unsubstantial style, and were moreover of questionable originality. His subsequent contributions to the Salon had but imperfectly satisfied our curiosity.

M. Bompard must soon himself be convinced that he is heart and soul an Orientalist, and now that he has shown us "The Butchers of Chemla" seated amidst their gory flesh in the cool shade of their stalls, whose walls seem worn by the desert wind,

and from which we perceive the burning country, it will be very difficult for him to interest us by depicting young ladies at their toilet, bedecking themselves for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. For his broad and luminous brush, subjects more vibrating and vigorous are wanted.

Up till now even the best paintings of this artist, such as his "Tunisian Butchers" and his "Harem at Granada," offended the sight by a lamentable exaggeration of bituminous and reddish tones, which by overcharging certain details of the composition, partly destroyed the clearness of the whole—an unfortunate process, the origin of which, however, is easy to divine when the works of master and pupil are known.

Now M. Bompard enjoys in full liberty the advantage of complete emancipation, and in his study of the luminous phenomena of African subjects, he adopts quite a modern method of observation. An enchanting air of reality pervades generally his latest works.

His view of "Old Chemla" will not be less successful than his "Butchers."

It is also doubtless to the fortunate and kindly institution of the *bourses de voyage* that M. Paul Leroy is indebted for his knowledge and love of the East, like his *confrères* MM. Dinet, Girardot, Bompard—— who probably would never have charmed our sight with the splendor of their African compositions, had it not been for the well-directed, if not bountiful, generosity of the State.

Unlike his comrades in Orientalism, who delight especially—and it is for this that we would moreover congratulate them,—in interpreting with complete fidelity the pictures of real life, M. Paul Leroy prefers to borrow his subjects from remote biblical epochs. We must, however, be just to him and say that, with very seductive skill he knows how to combine in his work the love of Nature with the respect due to a legend. Like the Saxon painter, Fritz von Uhde, whose æsthetical doctrines are to a certain extent those of M. Paul Leroy, the latter prefers to show

SPANISH BULLS

his heroic or divine personages living in quite human fashion and amid modern surroundings. There is nothing conventional in the general aspect of his compositions, nothing antiquated in the original execution of the details, which are always most conscientiously worked out.

After having shown us, a few years ago, in pictures which were much discussed at the Palais des Champs-Élysées, Jesus conversing familiarly with the Holy Women in a little Moorish saloon of the Kasbah of Algiers, hung with *azulejos* of much taste, and then Samson, a prisoner amongst the Philistines, turning the millstone in a Saharian interior, M. Paul Leroy presents us in 1890 with "Healing the Blind at Jericho."

He tells us this remarkable story in a vast canvas crowded with figures whose varied attitudes and lively emotions are expressed with rare felicity. We mistake much if this important composition, which does the greatest honor to M. Paul Leroy, does not soon find a place in one of the principal national collections of France.

The fanatical partisans of historical pictures, those to whom the "Suffer Little Children" of Flandrin, (now alas! removed to the Louvre), is the most perfect specimen of this class of painting, will find fault with M. Paul Leroy's work because it contains archæological anachronisms. They will, without doubt, be at no pains to conceal their surprise, when they find that the citizens of Jericho are clothed like simple Arabs of the Tell, and that the blind have put on the *djellabab* of the Moorish "navvy," a garment much in vogue it seems amongst our African neighbors, but only during recent years.

As for ourselves, for whom the subject chosen is only of secondary interest, we admit willingly that M. Paul Leroy has learned the art of draping his figures to perfection, that the attitude of Christ is full of grandeur, that the group witnessing the miracle is correctly rendered, very cleverly arranged, and beautifully drawn;

and that the figure of the blind man on his knees, touching with his trembling hands the feet of the divine Physician, is a poem of grateful adoration. Each of M. Paul Leroy's personages is a living reality. It is in vain that he writes at the foot of his frame that the scene is laid in Jericho : we persist in discovering in the actors handsome, brave Arabs whom we have encountered in our journeys through Algeria; and the setting which he gives to the action is only an elaborate and earnest development of a fine sketch made one very hot day in the environs of Mascara or Mostaganem.

We are already far distant from the time when M. Gérome returned from his long wanderings through these sunny regions with the celebrated canvases which finally stamped his renown as an Oriental painter, viz : "Egyptian Recruits crossing the Desert," "Camels drinking," and then the "Prisoner," and the "Prayer." Since those far-off days the illustrious artist has produced many works, for the most part inspired by the East, or by Greek or Roman antiquity. Some, and these are of the best, represent modern subjects. His unerring brush, ever guided in its search for the picturesque by a vivid imagination, has traveled as one sees, through scenes of all time. But the quasi-religious persistence with which he has for several years presented to our view pictures of African life, shows how deeply he was enamored of the sun. As if his green old age was to find in thus going back to the past a vigor still greater, he returns with a noticeable enthusiasm to his first love, and one can imagine how voluptuously he drinks at the source of light whence his talent derived all its inspiration.

We do not say that we always find in his later Oriental compositions a warmth of expression as animated as in those already mentioned, but the precision of the drawing is the same, and his magical recollection, aided by early studies which are as invaluable documents to him, often succeeds in calling up in the spectator the

E. VILLA

[illegible] AND MONKEY

real vision of the countries with which the artist has been so fascinated.

There are, we think, among the works of Gérome, few wherein the qualities forming the principal characteristics of his art are united with more concentration, than in one of his exhibits for this year, the "Camels' Drinking Place." We have here unerring skill

A BR[illegible]

in composition, refined analysis of detail, drawing of wonderful precision, and, what will always render the pictures of Gérome indisputably his own creations, the ethnographical expression of his men and women.

The second example, representing a lion in full chase of a herd of antelopes, is of the highest interest and will arrest the attention of the public for a long time. We have not yet been fortunate

enough to experience the dangerous fascination of watching a chase of this kind, but the reality can scarcely be otherwise. It must be by these prodigious bounds, which give to the lion here depicted by Gérome, an aspect so strange, that the terrible brute clears the distance between him and his fleet quarry, seen hurrying away in a cloud of dust.

The scene is enacted in a desolate, arid, mountainous solitude, on which the sun is beating mercilessly. Never has M. Gérome better rendered these luminous immensities, unfathomable as the sky, and of which he knows so well, master as he is, how to give the impression, without resorting to elaborate surroundings, than in this picture, which is flooded with a beautiful African light, and in which the King of Beasts is but a speck.

By a natural sequence of ideas we are led to speak here of M. Georges Rochegrosse, whose "Quails fighting" irresistibly reminds us of Gérome's famous "Cocks fighting," that delightful Neo-Hellenic fantasy which now ranks amongst the best productions of the master. Not that the independent talent of M. Rochegrosse has been influenced by M. Gérome, or that between the "Quails fighting" and the "Cocks fighting," there is an evident analogy of composition: but the young painter of "Vitellius," adhering faithfully to the traditions of the past, has felt it also his duty to give his little combatants, helmeted like the gladiators in *Pollice verso,* an antique setting, and, like that masterpiece of Gérome, the admirable composition of M. Rochegrosse is full of unobtrusive historical suggestions.

The "Quails fighting" is of very modest dimensions, and does not remind one in the least of "Andromache," or the "Death of Cæsar," but it will be much appreciated by the public, and by the more artistic portion of the public, for the idea is exceedingly clever, the coloring is charming, and the drawing is of remarkable accuracy without being constrained. M. Rochegrosse is evidently making rapid progress. He is now almost in full possession of

his talent, and we can already predict enthusiastic applause for his "Taking of Babylon," a canvas of considerable size, on which this young and painstaking artist has been working incessantly for several years, and which will figure in the Salon of 1891.

"Quails fighting" will arouse in the minds of many visitors a comparison with the subjects of Alma Tadema, for whose archæological proclivities M. Rochegrosse is evidently filled with profound admiration.

The English painter, however, has never rendered the white, cold hardness of marble better than M. Rochegrosse has done in the composition now under consideration, nor has he ever employed the resources of the painter's art with greater accuracy than that attained by M. Rochegrosse in the details of this striking picture.

But where, in our opinion, the young Frenchman shows himself superior to the English artist, is in the sincerity of his interpretation.

It is not with the actual color only of things which he is ever discovering by means of indefatigable, scholarly research that he is preoccupied, but also with the faithful representation of former types which have become extinct, and which he is able to reconstruct by repeated synthetical observations made upon their degenerate descendants.

The Roman women presented to us in Rochegrosse's "Quails fighting," are veritable Romans of Rome. They were unquestionably born on one of the Seven Hills, while the Greek and Roman dames of Alma Tadema,—slender, delicate figures of the old keepsake type,—have all opened their blue eyes for the first time in an English mist.

* * *

M. Gagliardini is so devout a worshipper of the sun, that even when he was painting views in the Vosges, in Picardy, or in Auvergne, he became dazed by imaginary rays, and, he has given

us certain nooks in Auvergne and farmyards in Picardy, which are as parched as any African landscape that has suffered from a blast of the sirocco.

The criticisms which we formerly had occasion to make with reference to the exaggerated effects of light in certain examples of M. Gagliardini now lose their force, for, in taking his easel farther afield, this gifted artist has found scenes in perfect accord with his intensity of vision. His two views of Toulon are splendidly real in color and dazzlingly bright.

Tout est lumière, tout est joie!
*(Les Rayons et les Ombres.)*

This line which has been borrowed for the occasion by the artist from Victor Hugo, has inspired M. H. Fourié in painting his grand contribution to the Palais des Champs-Élysées.

The art of miniature painting could never have attracted this artist. We can scarcely imagine him trying to express his ideas by patient efforts on the rib of a fan or the lid of a snuff-box. The strokes of his brush are broad and vigorous, and he requires vast spaces for painting his luxuriant conceptions.

The canvas which he sends this year does not seem to us of less dimensions than his "Wedding Breakfast," which at once brought the young painter's name before the public and at the same time drew attention to his "Fair in Normandy," upon which the critics were unfortunately able to practise with unrestrained freedom.

The theme selected by M. Fourié was certainly liable to divers and sundry interpretations.

This artist, who is an inveterate lover of *fêtes champêtres* overflowing with life and gaiety, has placed the above line from the poet as an explanatory text at the bottom of his picture, in which are seen running, in the dazzling haze of summer light, and in strong relief upon a background of green foliage, with disheveled hair and delirious with joy, a number of nude young girls. A

ON THE COAST OF NORWAY

E. MAILLART

STRANDED

solitary man, poor fellow!—and he somewhat of mature age—represents the stronger sex, in the midst of these joyous nymphs. And there is truly in this frolicsome *mêlée* of pink and white flesh, under the intense light of the sun, a vivid impression of atmosphere, heat, and life.

The sad and heavy coloring of the "Fair in Normandy," which

is nevertheless so full of the finest qualities of composition, gave rise in our mind to serious doubts as to the future of M. Fourié. His picture this year, we are glad to say, is very reassuring.

* * *

The final arrangement at the Salon was far from complete when we revised the proofs of the preceding notes. Now the

installation is perfected, and the official inauguration of the exhibition in the Champs-Élysées—which coincided with our return from a new pilgrimage to the Museum of the Prado of Madrid, —has taken place according to all the prescribed usages of tradition.

We have, however, to say, in all sincerity, that the general aspect of the Salon of 1890 is deplorable.

For a moment we thought we had to attribute the sad effect produced on us by the sight of the greater portion of the nameless productions hanging on the walls of the Palais de l'Industrie, to the recent visions of the Valazquez of Madrid and of the Murillos of Seville, visions still before us in all their silvery freshness and golden mist. We found ourselves criticising the expediency of our voyage, and regretting bitterly the placing of ourselves in the difficult position of having to speak of the "Holy Women" of M. Bouguereau when we had scarcely taken our eyes off that remarkable work, that marvel of marvels, called "The Spinners." But the outspoken opinion of the majority of the visitors was not long in assuring us that the painful impression made upon us did not arise solely from such inevitable comparison.

It is abundantly clear that the schism which has taken place in the Société des Artistes has been sorely felt at the Salon of the Champs-Élysées, where henceforth we shall no more see the works of Meissonier, Puvis de Chavannes, Carolus-Duran, Stevens, Roll, Besnard, Carrière, Dagnan, Duez, Gervex, Lerolle, Cazin, Osterlind, Zorn, Boldini, Thaulow, and many others who, almost without exception, owe their ever increasing reputation to the vivid personality of their talent, and to the independence of their advanced theories.

A good number of young artists have remained faithful to the Salon of the Champs-Élysées, and yet,—disquieting phenomenon—the general tone of the collection is antiquated, its aspect is elderly. One can divine too well, from the numberless efforts, the eager

HALT

BATTER [illegible] ARTILLERY OF THE [illegible] POSITION

desire to obtain the famous medal at the price of a servile imitation of the *masters*.

But what more particularly grieves the sight of the visitor in the midst of these heaps of paintings,—almost all of which are executed in a manner devoid of personality and are of a Bœotian conception,—is the unexpected display of works bearing celebrated signatures, yet over which seems to have wandered a brush directed by a failing hand.

As I was told on the occasion of my visit by a veteran master of the Champs-Élysées, one of those whose talent, ever young and strong, is justly appreciated by all, the schism is not the only thing that has affected the success of the Salon this year. The influenza has been a potent auxiliary. "And so for my part," said the excellent artist with a smile of heart-broken melancholy, "I have not been able to supply half what I intended for this exhibition."

So that is the true cause of the exceptional weakness of the Salon du Palais de l'Industrie!

In a few days we shall be permitted to compare the disastrous effects produced by this terrible influenza on the works of exhibitors in both the Champs-Élysées and the Champ de Mars. We trust the latter will have resisted *la grippe* more vigorously.

* * *

Let us, however, hasten to recognize that a few robust constitutions have been able to withstand successfully the attacks of this malady. In the midst of all these morbid manifestations of an art in decadence, the talent of M. Detaille stands forth triumphantly in the grand military composition which he exhibits under the title of "Halt!"

Here we have a canvas representing a colonel of mounted artillery at full gallop and with his sword raised, giving the word of command to his regiment who are seen a little behind him, advancing in a whirlwind of dust.

There is in this work, which is a perfect masterpiece, a wonderful warlike movement. Before this fiery composition, even the most peaceful dispositions are stirred up by slight, heroic impulses, and I, for my part, cannot contemplate it many minutes together without fancying myself transported into the thick of the fight, amidst all the neighing of the infuriated steeds, the hoarse commands of the officers, the deafening roll of the ammunition wagons, and the whistling of the bullets.

M. Detaille has added another grand cavalier to the sublime squadron of illustrious horsemen of the artistic field. His colonel of artillery of the Imperial Guard will take an honorable place in the brilliant phalanx in which are to be seen already Titian's Charles V, Velazquez's Duke of Olivares, Van Dyck's Duke of Brignole, Géricault's Officer of Hussars, Henri Regnault's Marshal Prim——

M. Detaille has not limited himself to the execution of an equestrian portrait. Behind his superb cavalier, whose fiery movement admirably symbolizes French bravery, appears a whole troop inspired as it were with the heroism of their leader; each individual is distinctly drawn and very carefully studied, even to the play of the features, and the galloping mass of horsemen, slightly veiled by the cloud of dust, stands well out against a marvelously lighted background. There, too, on the right of the picture, is a bit of Nature worthy of the brush of a master of landscape.

But, in our opinion, the part of the subject where M. Detaille's talent is most conspicuous, is the black charger of the colonel. This beautiful animal is still before our eyes, his head turned to one side, his wild look, his nostrils dilated and blowing violently, and his whole body glazed with perspiration or white with foam. By the powerful reality of such portraiture, he does not belong to the equine fictions of the Spanish masters any more than to those of the French romanticists—he lives.

I imagine that the deliberation of the jury commissioned to

V. Chesa
1900

award the *médaille d'honneur* at the Salon of 1890 would be of short duration if this distinction could still be given to M. Detaille, for the painting of which we have just been speaking is not only the most remarkable in the Palais des Champs-Élysées, but it is also, in our opinion, one of the grandest works of this military painter.

M. Checa does not delight in representing modern life. He is not attracted by things of to-day, but seeks his inspirations in the earliest mythology, or in the most remote periods of history.

There is every indication that this young painter, who seems destined to restore the lost prestige of the Spanish school, is making progress. His "Rape of Proserpine" in the Salon of 1889 was full of brilliant promise; but his inexperience of design was too frequently evident, and in the general execution a conspicuous hesitation was as often manifested.

These criticisms cannot be applied to the large composition which M. Checa now exhibits under the title of "A Roman Chariot Race," and which is full of superb qualities. It realizes in a triumphant manner the promises held out in the earliest works of this young Spanish artist. The design, although broad, is vigorous and precise, the coloring is warm and vivid, and the arrangement of the subject, which was replete with perilous difficulties, has been carried out with admirable skill. It does the greatest honor to M. Checa, and visitors to the Museum of the Prado will no doubt soon see it in the same room as Pradilla's "Jeanne la folle," unless—and this is not unlikely—the French Government deems it advisable to become the purchaser of so beautiful a canvas in order that it may figure in one of our principal provincial museums.

M. Henri Martin, for whom, as a man and an artist, we have the highest esteem, is certainly one of the most disturbing, disquieting, and disconcerting workers of our young school of painting.

After executing in the style of his master, J.-P. Laurens, vast

tragic compositions—one of which, "Dante in Inferno," obtained for him the first medal at the Salon and other official distinctions, which did not, however, have any vexatious influence on his artistic but well-tempered mind,—M. Henri Martin set out for Italy and then for Africa. From the latter country he brought back studies of fascinating originality, wherein it was pleasant to perceive an Oriental temperament of the first order.

And thus we were looking forward, with much anxiety and impatience, to some brilliant masterpiece from M. Martin—a canvas flooded with light, some learned development of one of his beautiful studies in those bright regions—when, to our amazement, he put before us, one after the other, two large subjects of very melancholy aspect, inspired by the *Divina Commedia,* and the *Nuits* of Alfred de Musset.

He had shut himself up again with his gloomy poets, and turned his back on the sun!

Poetry has a nobly inspiring effect. It would have shown proof of questionable taste to criticise the choice of the subjects. All we could do was to be resigned and wait.

Now M. Martin seems to have closed his ears for ever against the enrapturing strains of the bards. Contemporary history has become his familiar muse, and his heroes of former years, Virgil, Dante, Ugolino, have been supplanted by La Fayette, M. Carnot, and sundry officials in evening dress. And the change is not confined to the artist's fancy only, his style has been completely transformed. He has thrown off the tyrannical influence of his master in order that he may valiantly join the ranks of the daring young men who justly consider that the formulas of art are not immutable.

M. Henri Martin applies with conspicuous boldness in his two last pictures, "The Fête of the Federation," and "The Journey of the President of the Republic to Agen," the very modern principle of the complete decentralization of local tones. We have only to

THE WHITE COW

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occupy ourselves now with the "President's Journey"—an immense picture inundated with a tremulous light, in which the artist shows us the first magistrate of France in his presidential landau, listening to the customary compliment paid him by a fair and charming young girl who seems possessed of all the assurance of the South.

The smiling features of the principal personage are rendered

with much felicity. The crowd is cleverly grouped, and the attitudes of all the officials of the suite are expressed with close observation and keen humour.

There is, however, one fault to find with M. Henri Martin, that is, in giving effect to the revolutionary principle which has guided him throughout the execution of this work (a principle often dangerous in application), he has, by excessive exactitude no doubt, allowed the figures and the setting of his composition to be too equally illuminated by the uniform distribution of an over-

powering light. Under this dazzling brightness, the unfortunate Jasmin in bronze who seems to be listening from the height of his pedestal to the young Agenaise's compliment, resembles a cloud-like phantom to be dissipated by the slightest breath of air. But, as a very judicious critic has already said in speaking of the works of M. Henri Martin, what seems pale and ineffective in the harsh light of the Palais des Champs-Elysées, in a medley of glaring hues, often becomes colored and full of strength in the white and quiet setting of architectural ornamentation; and it is really difficult at the Salon to arrive at a definite appreciation of decorative works which have been designed for some special building.

* * *

What we have just said as to the "President's Journey", applies equally to the ceiling of M. Munkacsy, the composition of which can hardly be correctly appreciated in the light of the *Salon carré,* where it hangs vertically between family portraits and small landscapes of elaborate finish.

Even eyes the most familiarized with painting effects cannot accustom themselves to these oscillating and tumble-down positions, to dancing masses of architecture which seem as though shaken by some terrible earthquake; and we shall never be willing to criticise the entire effect of this important work until we have seen it *in situ* on the ceiling of the History of Art Museum at Vienna.

We must, however, recognize that M. Munkacsy's brush, which subsequently to our unmeasured admiration of his "Milton dictating Paradise Lost to his Daughters" had become singularly heavy in rendering the gloomy skies of Golgotha, has again recovered its refreshing and charming touch of yore.

The "Allegory of Italian Renaissance" in which the Hungarian painter represents to us all the great artists of that immortal epoch

conversing on their familiar themes in an elaborate *décor* of marble, amid graceful nude figures, and under a sky of superb blue, through which Fame is seen winging its flight, is strong and luminous in color, and its atmosphere is pure and clear.

Opposite the ceiling of M. Munkacsy hangs another allegorical composition of less importance, but still deserving of some attention. It is entitled simply "Liberty," and bears the signature of M. Henri Lévy. The City of Paris is represented offering as a sacrifice to triumphant Liberty its children killed fighting in her defense. Here, as in all his compositions, M. Lévy gives evidence of true knowledge of design, the arrangement of his groups is of consummate skill, and as is always the case, his female figures have a bewitching elegance reminding one of certain bas-reliefs of Jean Goujon. But why should the decorative aspect of the majority of his works be partially destroyed by the exaggerated effect of a thickly impasted coloring? M. Henri Lévy is endowed with a rich and powerful artistic temperament, but he will pardon us for thinking that his natural powers, and his indisputable talent would be exercised with more success in another style of painting than that of decoration, where the freedom of the brush has to be controlled by a judicious moderation.

The part taken by M. Jules Breton in the desperate struggle between the Palais des Champs-Élysées and the Palais du Champ de Mars is of the most modest kind,—a fact much to be regretted by the partisans of the Société des Artistes, whose prestige is seriously affected this year in consequence of certain quasi-tragical events, which are known to everybody, for the heralds-at-arms have by trumpet loudly proclaimed the tournament to anxious Europe.

We shall dispense with repeating here the history of this Homeric contest; as also our secret reflections on the painful effects of human passions.

Let us content ourselves with judging of the combat.

We hasten, however, to add that M. Jules Breton by his

exhibit of this year in no way forfeits the good opinion of his old and fervent admirers.

We find in his "Washerwomen" and in his "Last Flowers" the care invariably bestowed by him on form and color, the profound poetry of sky and horizon, and the sweet melancholy of rustic nature, of which M. Breton has ever been the acutely sympathetic painter.

But perhaps—to insure if not the success, at least the retreat of his companions-in-arms and prevent its resembling a rout—he should have had himself represented at the henceforth famous Salon of 1890 by a more important composition, one of those canvases full at the same time of grace and strength, and worthy of figuring in a place of honor beside the "Procession dans les blés," the "Rappel des Glaneuses," the "Sarcleuses," the "Glanage," and the "Feux de la Saint-Jean."

We confess we have neither the courage nor the strength to devote ourselves to a critical examination of the two gelatinous compositions exhibited by M. Bouguereau under the titles of "The Holy Women at the Sepulchre" and "Little Beggar Girls."

The sight of the former insipid, deliquescent painting, in which individuals with soft, boneless bodies, and sanctimoniously ecstatic, are trying to live in a landscape formed of mottled soap, produces on us a painful depression not to be overcome.

The reader will therefore be a little generous and compassionate, and pity our delicately wrought constitution, not taking it amiss that we pass by thus rapidly two works which the wealthy collectors of the New World are doubtless lying in wait for, and which will soon cross the Atlantic never to return. So be it.

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M. Deyrolle is ever faithful to Brittany, and he truly excels in representing her to us in her most picturesque aspects. He

Jules Breton 1890

[illegible]

A WEDDING IN BRITTANY

is not only imbued with the wild poetry of her scenery, the diverse phases of which he knows how to render with rare conscientiousness, but he also succeeds in instilling into them real local vitality by means of life-like rustic scenes, always most happily conceived. M. Deyrolle is of the joyous race of the old painters of Flemish fairs. Let me, however, be permitted to reproach him with so often inclosing his anecdotal compositions in a framework of which the too ample dimensions remind one of the "Naissance de Henri IV," or of the "Entrée des Croisés à Constantinople." This year, again, his "Wedding in Brittany" is written in too large characters. There are subjects which become weakened by exaggerated development, and I know rural scenes by Teniers, Ostade, and Pieter van Laer, perfect masterpieces of life and color, whose modest dimensions one has never thought of criticising. It is true that these old masters troubled themselves very little about academic honors, and M. Deyrolle no doubt considers himself compelled, like the majority of his *confrères,* to manifest his ambition by covering immense surfaces of canvas with paint.

This supposed obligation, for those who are candidates for medals, of submitting to the examination of the Jury subjects treated on a large scale in order that the proof of their laborious efforts may become evident, is an additional argument in favor of the final suppression of all these commonplace rewards, which are only obtainable at the price of painful capitulation, and one of the most deplorable results of which is to cram the artistic market with canvases which cannot possibly be housed in private galleries, and which, too often, alas! finish their wanderings by becoming locked up in our national collections, in response to the desperate appeals of the glorious prizemen.

Having said this, we admit very willingly that M. Deyrolle's picture is full of excellent qualities. We will even add that "A Wedding in Brittany" is one of his best productions. The color is more cheerful, more harmonious; the drawing is more precise;

the groups are gracefully arranged; each of the personages gives evidence in a very sprightly way of his enjoyment of life; and the whole composition is cleverly steeped in the gentle light of a Brittany spring.

What must we say of M. André Brouillet's "Suzanne?" The subject is certainly piquant, and the mass of the public will gladly

loiter in front of this sensational work. The spectacle of this chaste Suzanne of the Moulin-Rouge listening with a smile to the gallant remarks of the two old beaux who are rivals for her favors, delights a good many visitors to the Salon, especially on Sundays and holidays. I do not question the great photographic success of this painting; and if this is the kind of triumph desired by M. André Brouillet, he should be amply satisfied. But we are sufficiently acquainted with this artist, we have studied his

PROTESTANT FUGITIVES

REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES 1685

work and have followed his career long enough to be able to affirm that his Suzanne is only a mere fancy of a day of *ennui,* in the execution whereof the original talent of the artist seems to have lost all its natural energy. We know M. Brouillet is sufficiently in love with his art for us to be able to assert that he has by no means given up his inspirations of former years, and that his brilliant brush will recover its vigor when he returns to the robust life of the toilers of the field, tanned by breeze and sun.

The muse of M. Maurice Leloir is not always in a smiling mood. The subject treated this year by this gifted artist, although belonging to his favorite period of history, is singularly gloomy and tragical. M. Maurice Leloir offers to our view a pursuit of Protestants on the morrow of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The scene is laid in a wild part of the Cévennes. A group of fugitives are concealed behind some rocks, thus hoping to escape the search of Marshal Villars' soldiers. But their hiding-place is discovered, and the soldiers advance with savage shouts of triumph. The painter has well depicted heroism and terror in this group of fugitives. Under a lowering sky, amidst bare hills, in a Salvator Rosa setting, a tragic character of real grandeur is imparted to this episode of the most hideous of our civil wars. The painting of M. Maurice Leloir is of a fine historical tone.

The usual painters of military subjects, MM. Grolleron, Boutigny, and Marius Roy, are represented at the Salon by small episodical or anecdotal subjects which have the valuable gift of being able to attract all classes of visitors to the Palais des Champs-Élysées. That of M. Grolleron, the execution of which although delicate is yet vigorous, is particularly interesting. It is entitled "Return of a Reconnoitring Party," and shows a company of infantry crossing a monotonous level tract, under a bright and burning sky. They are returning slowly and sadly to camp. In front are two men carrying on a stretcher the body of the leader of the expedition. All the men are in mournful attitudes, all wear

anxious faces, and the presence of the Uhlan prisoners does not turn their thoughts from the loss of their chief. This little military drama is told sympathetically.

The subject treated by M. Marius Roy has no tragic element about it. In "An Evening in Camp" we have a pleasing view of a group of artillerymen seated in a circle at the foot of a redoubt, on which are seen a line of slender guns of the latest pattern, pointed towards the horizon, and over whose menacing repose watches a sentinel with sword in hand and with a deportment perfectly heroic. The loquacity of the principal speaker of the group is in quaint contrast with the grim silence of the guns. And yet, although the artilleryman is evidently narrating something very humorous and his story is of the highest interest, the day's labors have been so arduous that only two or three of his companions, whose mouths are agape, have the strength to keep awake and listen. The others are fast asleep and their fatigue is evidently so overpowering that the entire battery might thunder without waking them. A soft twilight, already giving way to the crescent moon, lights up this pleasant little bit of military life, which the artist has set in a well-executed landscape.

The two pictures by M. Boutigny, "Last Duty" and "Sudden Attack on a Village in Lorraine," reveal nothing new as to the talent of this artist who seeks, above all things to attract the attention of the visitor by the dramatic element in his subjects. M. Boutigny does not possess M. Grolleron's strength or M. Marius Roy's skill in coloring, but he excels in giving a realistic expression to the action and attitude of his characters. His compositions are always full of life.

As regards military pictures, those which we have just described are certainly the best in the Salon. We must, however, mention a powerful study belonging to the same class, and signed by a talented young artist, M. Alphonse Chigot. Under the simple title of "A Hero," M. Chigot gives us one of the sublimest incidents

AN EVENING IN CAMP

of the war of 1870, the heroic death of that Turco who, "remaining behind alone, on the border of the forest of Orleans, checked the advance of a Hessian column by five successive shots, when he fell riddled with bullets." M. Chigot has been deeply impressed on reading of this valiant, yet almost forgotten, deed, and he has successfully celebrated in his little canvas, which is executed in a decisive, dashing style, but which is superb in coloring, the death of this obscure hero.

E. LUMINAIS. — *The pr[illegible]*

M. de Richemont is a mystic. He borrows his subjects by preference from Christian legends and the dreams of poets. We well remember the pleasing impression which his beautiful poetical composition, "The Legend of St. Mary of Brabant," produced on us in the Salon of 1886. He had rendered the gentle mysteriousness of his subject with amazing pliancy of touch. I can still see his virgins in cloud-like forms, in graceful attitudes, moving slowly, very slowly, around the tomb of the saint, yet still with a little feminine coquetry; but so light, so immaterial, one expected every moment to see them vanish like a dream.

In our opinion the work exhibited this year by M. de Richemont

is even better than the one we have just referred to. He has illustrated with perfect harmony of color and idea one of the most delightful scenes in Émile Zola's *Rêve*, and without doubt this master of romance must have been well satisfied with so perfect a rendering of an episode in his last book.

The frame is inscribed with the following sentence from Zola's book : "Angélique, extasiée, regardait devant elle dans la blancheur de la chambre." I confess that this work, essentially suggestive, and full of charming reminiscences, is one of those which arrest my attention most at the Salon, for, with infinite delicacy and very great skill, M. de Richemont has given his subject an almost palpable form in this vaporous floating interpretation.

The transport of Angélique, who seems no longer a creature of earth in the intensity of her love-dream, the enraptured look of Félicien on his knees before the light and graceful vision of his beloved, the whiteness of her drapery, the softened brightness of the room in which the first glimmer of dawn and the light of the lamp are feebly vying with each other—all this is rendered with subtlety and sympathetic skill. We beg to offer M. de Richemont our sincerest congratulations. His canvas is one of the most striking and does him the greatest honor.

We are informed by the catalogue that the picture exhibited this year by M. Jules Scalbert is intended to decorate the Mairie of the Panthéon. This circumstance explains the choice of the subject, "Vaccination," and henceforth precludes us from reproaching M. Scalbert with having been so audaciously imprudent as to drink at the same source of inspiration as M. Dagnan-Bouveret, who also exhibited a few years ago at the Salon a memorable vaccination scene which will always be reckoned amongst his best efforts.

In the composition of his subject, and even in the execution of certain details, M. Scalbert has undergone the imperious influence of M. Dagnan. It was almost unavoidable. We must, however,

VACCINATION

ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

recognize that M. Scalbert's work which is spiritedly conceived, is full of his own personality. The light is skilfully distributed, and some of the personages in the foreground are admirably drawn.

Under the title of "Adoration of the Shepherds," M. Maurice Pierrey, who is making rapid progress, exhibits an important subject, fine in conception and admirable in color. His figures are cleverly grouped, and adroitly enveloped in the transparent darkness of a

F. BEYLE

stormy night. M. Pierrey has been vividly impressed with his subject, and this beautiful painting is replete with a profound feeling of restful calm. The figure of the Virgin surrounded by a mystic halo is divine in its beauty. But why has M. Pierrey so vaguely outlined the shepherds' dogs? Are these unfortunate animals, which seem devoid of bones, really faithful portraits of the muscular collies which had to serve as models to the artist? We must also mention "Arab Women beating Corn" by M. Alexandre

Lunois. The artist who has signed this canvas has studied the Arab world thoroughly. Before his figures, in attitudes so supple and so varied, and before those broad and luminous spaces in which they are placed, we get a pleasing impression of the reality. The principal characteristic of M. Lunois' special talent is in the vigorous precision of his drawing. M. Lunois, who is a young man, may be classed, we think, among the painters who have a future before them.

Mr. Paul Peel's "After the Bath" is certainly a most interesting work, and it is with entire success that this genuine artist has painted the soft, rosy flesh of those two naked babies standing in delightful infantile attitudes before a hearth which is invisible, but whose flames robe them with amber-colored reflections.

The work is full of qualities of the first order, and obtains a well-merited recognition from all true lovers of art.

M. Kaemmerer exhibits two small paintings of equal interest, although executed in two very different styles. In both there is the fine coloring, the dainty workmanship, and the pleasantly affected style of this Dutch painter. We admit, however, that our surprise was very great on learning that M. Kaemmerer had devoted a great deal of his time to painting views of Père-Lachaise, and that he had voluntarily set up his easel before the wall of the *Fédérés*. Let us hope that this is only a brief incursion into the domain of Death, and that this artist will soon take us back again among the beautiful and charming *merveilleuses* whose satins and watered silks he knows so well how to render in all their luster, like his ancestors Terburg and Metzu. Surely M. Kaemmerer cannot forget that it is to the fascinating smiles of his beautifully dressed ladies whose coquettish graces were formerly his delight, that he owes the greater part of his reputation.

"At the Battle of Austerlitz the standard bearer had just fallen mortally wounded when the dog Moustache, seizing the glorious old rag, covered with blood, in his teeth, dragged it from the

F.H. Kaemmerer.

hands of an Austrian who had already taken possession of it, and brought it back to his company. As a reward for this gallant deed, Moustache was decorated by Marshal Lannes."

So writes Lieutenant Jupin in his interesting work on the *Dogs in the French Army,* and it is this truly heroic story that has inspired M. Alexandre Bloch to produce the attractive work which he exhibits this year at the Salon, and which has obtained a well-deserved success. The brave Moustache already had his historian; he has now found his painter, and his memory is more than ever assured from fading. He will henceforth rank with "Muphty," "Annibal," and that other canine hero of the Louvre, that ignored martyr whose valor has been sung in well-known verse by Casimir Delavigne. For the recreation of the reader who is perhaps a little weary of painting, we may be permitted to repeat here the first stanza of this strange, singular, but pleasing elegy which, by way of specimen, is found in most anthologies of French poetry.

C'était le jour de la bataille,
Il s'élança sous la mitraille,
Son chien suivit.
Le plomb tous deux vint les atteindre.
Est-ce le maître qu'il faut plaindre ?
Le chien survit.
Passant, que ton front se découvre !
Etc.

* * *

After this wholesome digression into the realm of poetry, let us return to our subject and offer our congratulations to M. Gueldry whose talent is constantly developing. His picture "Regatta Day" is one of the best in the Salon. The sky, the water, and the verdure are treated with the most brilliant freedom, and the whole composition is under the influence of a refreshing breeze. The groups of boatmen and spectators are happily distributed in a masterly disorder, and a murmur of gaiety seems to escape from the immense throng. We would, however, counsel M. Gueldry

to undertake a more searching analysis of the human countenance. At times the features of his individuals are too hastily drawn and are but vaguely defined.

M. Haquette will not this year receive the honor which certain paintings of maritime scenes, such as his "Coup de vent" and the "Salut au calvaire", obtained for him formerly. His immense canvas is cold in expression. The attitude of his figures is melodramatic and false. The pasty sky and the plaster sea are moved by no breeze whatever. M. Haquette can do better than this. We have sufficient confidence in his persistent efforts and vigorous talent to predict that he will not remain long under the cloud of this present failure.

M. Vayson is well represented at the Salon by his "Coming Storm" and "Haymaking." We feel that his rich and luminous brush has lovingly wandered over these two canvases, in which he has successfully rendered, with true artistic instinct, nature in both her tranquil and restless moods. It would have been difficult to interpret with more intensely poetic feeling than the artist has shown in his "Haymaking," the boundless charm of summer twilight, that profound peace which pervades all nature as darkness approaches, just as it begins to obscure the forms and movements of the latest workers in the fields. The aspect of the other picture is altogether different. Here the artist shows us a real drama of nature. Under a threatening sky of heavy, black storm-driven clouds, is seen hurrying a flock of frightened sheep, guided by a young shepherdess who by no means seeks to disguise her alarm. She is pressing to her bosom the Benjamin of the fold, a weak lamb, that would be blown about by the tempest like a snowflake. The flight of all these timid creatures in a wan light is depicted with a splendid realism, and we seem to hear the terrible blast which is already scattering the leaves and blossoms of the trees, and fills the whole firmament with its anger.

These two productions will greatly serve to strengthen the

G. HAQUETTE

BLESSING THE [illegible]

THE COMING STORM

reputation M. Vayson has already enjoyed for some years as a talented artist, a reputation which his continuously successful efforts amply justify.

Madame Le Roy-d'Etiolles, with whose ability till now we were scarcely acquainted, except through certain graceful female portraits treated in a vague, allegorical manner, which led one to think that she had learnt the art of painting in the atelier of Chaplin, rather than in that of M. Benjamin-Constant, seems to have bidden adieu to her pretty fancies in order to devote herself to a closer study of nature. We cannot blame her for so doing, as her personality will thus be far more pronounced, and has indeed already become further fortified by genuine originality. Her picture entitled "Sunday" is, for all its modest proportions, one of the most interesting of this year's display. It represents an old peasant couple seated in the open air, and brought out in relief by a background of verdure. The subject is, as one readily perceives, of the most purely rustic character and of perfect simplicity. But the work is stamped with such a healthy appreciation of nature, and with such a profound feeling of repose, that we freely devote ourselves to a prolonged examination of the work. The figures are executed in a firm and vigorous style, their weary attitudes are well and pleasantly rendered, and their deeply wrinkled features are admirably portrayed. The whole work is full of good light and atmosphere.

Madame Le Roy-d'Etiolles exhibits also a portrait of a very pretty woman dressed as Diana, delicate in color and cleverly and correctly painted, a figure which irresistibly reminds one of Natoire's fine ladies.

Let us also mention M. Outin's "Shower," a study of feminine costumes of the end of the last century, a charming piece of genre painting to which the artist has given a fine maritime setting; and two very pretty compositions by M. Adrien Moreau, "In the Fields in Autumn" and "On the Hill."

M. François Flameng is represented at the Champs-Élysées by two small military paintings which are deservedly admired. The subjects are drawn from our wars at the time of the Revolution. One is entitled "Halt! (Infantry of the Line, 1789);" the other represents "The French Army marching on Amsterdam (Dutch Campaign, 1796)." Both are excellent examples of M. Flameng's skill in composition, and of his studious and intelligent attention to details.

Another very interesting work is M. Pierre Billet's "Winter." The artist has symbolized the cold, dreary season by a few poor women, all bent beneath the burden of their heavy bundles of wood, and with difficulty walking over the snowy ground, under a cold sky, through a wood stripped of all foliage. The execution is vigorous and the coloring is very appropriate. There are also deserving of notice two good compositions called "The Abduction," and "Return of the Prodigal Son," by M. Luminais, whose vigor and talent seem unaffected by age; "The Ford" and "Spanish Bulls," by Vuillefroy; "The Struggle for Life," by M. Beyle; "La Veillée," by M. Victor Marec; "By the Fireside," by M. Léon Caille; "Congratulations," by M. Delachaux; the "Maize Harvest in September," by M. Karl Cartier; "Crossing the Frontier," by Cogghe; "The Sailor's Betrothed" and "A Young Woman of Cancale," by Eugène Feyen; "Strayed," by William Howe; "Dogs," by de Penne; a charming work by Albert Lynch, "Yachting;" "A Letter to her Grandson," by Miss Gardner; "A Fallen Monarch," a fine study of a dead lion, by Mr. John Swan; and "A Procession of Penitents in Spain in the 17th Century," by Mélida.

Fine portraits are rare this year at the Palais des Champs-Élysées, and it will not take us very long to mention those most deserving of the visitor's notice.

We must mention first of all a portrait of a young man by M. Jules Lefebvre, a masterly piece of work with a wonderful intensity of expression, life-like and vigorous in design; and two charming female

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THE [illegible] ON AMSTERDAM

WINTER

portraits by M. Raphaël Collin. The first of these latter pictures entitled "Girlhood" represents a young toiler of the fields, the freshness of whose complexion stands out well against a spring landscape. While enraptured with the sight of this young girl, so charmingly pretty, we are involuntarily reminded of the beautiful composition which M. Raphaël Collin exhibited some years ago under the title of "Summer," in which we were enabled to witness the morning bath of a bevy of young girls with no other drapery than the silvery vapor of the river, gaily disporting themselves in an open meadow, and crowned with wild flowers like the maidens of Tahiti. M. Raphaël Collin delights in giving expression to the soft tender harmonies of youthful flesh tints. Woman, to him, is a being ever young and charming, the rendering of whose delicate features and soft outlines is a long labor of love. Without doubt the nymph of the Salon of 1890 is one of the younger sisters of the bathers of 1884, returned expressly to charm our eyes with her fresh beauty, her innocent smile, and the roseate brilliancy of her complexion.

By the side of this exquisite picture which we do not doubt will be reckoned among the most successful works of M. Collin, hangs a very striking female portrait.

We should be much surprised to learn that M. Raphaël Collin experiences the same heartfelt pleasure in the execution of a portrait to order, as in that of one of the delightful feminine allegories the vision of which his mind constantly conjures up; but he has so profound a respect for his art, that he never fails in giving the subjects to which he applies his brush, a form as bewitching as it is correct in its grace and originality. His portrait of a lady is in every respect worthy of such conscientious talent, and this fine, striking figure, whose delicate beauty stands out discreetly in relief from the Japanese accessories, in which are harmoniously blended the softened tones of grey, pink, and green, is indeed an exquisite feast for the eye of the true connoisseur.

We are pleased again to find M. Fantin-Latour at the Palais des Champs-Élysées with two superb female portraits, one of which, that of Mademoiselle S. Y.... is a work of the first rank. This talented artist was never more happily inspired, and the young lady's portrait will endure as one of the most convincing evidences of his sober, earnest, and original art.

A foreign artist, Mademoiselle Juana Romani, whose efforts until now had not attracted much attention, deservedly obtains a success with two female heads entitled "Herodias" and "Youth."

Mademoiselle Romani's work unquestionably is lacking a little in originality, while from the softness of her outlines, her artificial distribution of light, and the dubious character of her flesh tints, it is easy to see that she is still under the weighty influence of her masters, MM. Henner and Roybet. But in spite of all, there is in the general aspect of these two pictures an impression of individual vigor which leads one to hope that she will soon be able to free herself from the too besetting remembrance of her teachers. We have a firm conviction that her talent will gain much from such a salutary and indispensable emancipation.

PORTRAIT OF MADEMOISELLE M G

M. Aimé Morot exhibits a graceful portrait of a young girl on horseback, full of life and brilliantly executed; and M. Bonnat is represented by a fine portrait of President Carnot and a portrait of a lady.

We also remarked an elegant female head by M. Machard, an excellent portrait of M. Lucien Paté by Mademoiselle Mégret, a portrait of a man by Doucet, a fine female portrait by Lœwe-Marchand, a portrait of M. G. Viardot by Marec; and here ends our list of portraits.

The best landscape painters have not all emigrated to the Champ de Mars, and we have had the pleasure of meeting in the Palais des Champs-Élysées some splendid works signed by artists who have long since achieved brilliant successes.

Let us mention in the first place M. Français, to whom the jury has this year awarded the *médaille d'honneur*. Never was distinction better earned, and the unanimous applause of the public has spontaneously ratified the judicious choice made by the jury.

The two pictures exhibited by M. Français, "View of the Sèvre at Clisson" and "Misty Morning," are certainly full of sterling qualities; and if we do not find in them all the exquisite handling which we see in "Orphée" and the "Bois Sacré," two genuine masterpieces which alone would be sufficient to render the name of the veteran painter immortal, we do find touches of the highest skill whereby Français evokes, with a potent mastery, all the seductive charms of the nature he so loves.

But it is more particularly to crown officially the entire work of the veteran artist that the jury, happily inspired now, has accorded to him the highest distinction, and no one will find a difficulty in accounting for the favorable reception given by public opinion to this somewhat tardy recognition, when it is known that Français, who is seventy-seven years of age, has exhibited good work ever since 1840, that his canvases are found honorably hung, not only in the chief national collections of France, but also in those abroad, that for nearly a half-century he has been on all the

examining juries, and that later on the histories of art will assuredly assign him a becoming place beside the grand landscape painters with whom he has struggled victoriously, and with all the sincerity of his fine talent, against the fatal doctrines of Wattelet, Michallon and Bertin.

The landscape painter's work is doomed to disappear unless it is inspired by true feeling.

Here, more than anywhere else, the artist has to paint with all the ardor of his soul, for the model before him is a sphinx of a thousand forms, for ever inscrutable if the artist knows not how to impart to us all her hidden meanings.

Since the landscape painter has the self-imposed task of living in the closest intimacy with nature, and as he breathes the breath of her flowers, as his dreams are associated with the murmur of her waters and with the sighing of her woods, as he holds converse with her streams and his thoughts wander amid her clouds, he should know her so well as to paint her living charms, and place before us something beyond her inanimate self, however richly appareled she may be. And he must not be content to depict merely the life-like semblance of all these things; it behoves him also to infuse something of his own soul, of his own personal feelings as experienced in their midst. A landscape can only be a masterpiece when everything in it, even the smallest blade of grass, seems to be vibrating in unison with the artist's soul. This is why Ruysdael, Constable, Rousseau, Millet, and Corot are immortal.

These reflections occurred to us on seeing the works exhibited this year by MM. Harpignies and Pelouse who are certainly the best among the best landscape painters of the day.

The dry manner of the former appears to assert itself with increasing emphasis. His trees seem to be cut up into portable sections and stand out in marked contrast with backgrounds lighted by a sun devoid of all heat, while no breeze is felt throughout his landscapes.

G. Pilous
1890

A few clouds as heavy as stone, stuck in a frigid sky, give some variation to the general monotony, without, however, affording any movement to a nature hopelessly sad and luminously impassive. One would say that life has suddenly congealed in these mournful landscapes, and that the noiseless waters, the stiff foliage, and the solidified clouds only await the coming of the beneficent breeze which is to give them life.

Never, perhaps, has a landscape painter taxed more heavily the capabilities of his craftsmanship than M. Pelouse in the two canvases which he exhibits under the titles of "On the Banks of the Seine —Val Pitant (Eure)," and "The Seine at Poses—View of the Weir." He paints with an enchanting skill, and he possesses, as no one else does, the secret of faithfully reproducing the objects reflected in his eyes as in a mirror. There is in these two cleverly executed paintings a tone of profound sincerity, and each of them deserves the encomiums of the severest critics provided, however, they do not look for anything in these works but a faithful transcript of nature. We are much afraid that M. Pelouse is not aware that it is only by striking a happy medium between respect for reality, as a starting point, and free interpretation that landscape may recover its lost prestige. When will the landscape painters of to-day come to understand that the work which has only faultless execution to recommend it is essentially transitory, and that oblivion spares only the productions of those whose souls are in communication with the mysterious life of nature and know how to translate its accents?

The landscape exhibited by M. E. Grandsire, "Le Bognérot à Bains (Vosges)," is diminutive in size and seems much more suited to decorate a drawing-room than a museum, but this does not prevent our leaning a long time over the railing to examine with the keenest pleasure this admirable piece of work, wherein we feel that the artist has sought to give his own innermost impressions. It is indeed one of the most genuine productions in the Salon.

M. Edmond Yon delights in painting rank herbage and stagnant pools. No one knows better than he how to depict the moisture of grassy river banks beneath low rainy skies. At times his rich

landscapes are enlivened with the presence of animals painted in the most life-like realistic style.

M. Petitjean, whose progress is very noticeable from year to year, is represented at the Salon of the Champs-Élysées by two canvases of great power, "Joinville (Haute-Marne)" and "Rough

EVENING PRAYER

Weather in Lorraine," which obtain a very genuine success. M. Petitjean henceforth takes a prominent and independent position among the foremost landscape painters of the day.

Lansyer exhibits "The Loire at Saumur" and a superb view of the "Château de Loches—Charles VII wing and Court-yard of Agnès Sorel."

Lansyer has often been reproached with having been too mindful of the instructions of Viollet-Leduc in the presence of nature, and with having contemplated her much oftener through the glasses of the architect anxious only for precision of design and perfect harmony of his plans, than through the vision of the poet striving to arouse the drowsy soul. This reproach cannot be used in reference to the latter picture, the study of which charms the eye and delights the soul on account of its brilliant execution and the poetic reminiscences of times gone by which it evokes.

Let us also mention by name Tragardh and Schultzberg, two young Scandinavian artists of brilliant promise; Baillet, Joubert, Zuber, Nozal, Monchablon, a direct descendant of Chintreuil, Bouchor, Tanzi, Le Lièpvre, whose great work proudly entitled "The Loire," deserves special notice.

Even if the Salon Catalogue did not point out that M. Le Lièpvre is a pupil of Harpignies, the mere sight of his work would be sufficient to inform us of it.

He has learnt from his master to paint nature in a sculpturesque and nobly grand style. Like Harpignies, M. Le Lièpvre can impart to his compositions a fine decorative aspect by means of drawing sometimes a little hard and angular from excessive precision.

But the reproach which has often been made to M. Harpignies, of not knowing how to throw back his horizons and to let the air circulate freely around his rocks and trees, cannot be applied to M. Le Lièpvre, who has the faculty of appropriating only the good qualities of his master, while preserving a most independent, talented execution. His painting is breezy and luminous. We feel

that in the freshness of its waters and woods we can breathe freely, and the landscape fades in the brilliantly lighted distance so admirably rendered.

M. Pointelin, of whose talent we have a genuine appreciation, persists in showing us only studies. We have already said, and we repeat, that detail in his pictures is absolutely wanting, and we cannot be contented with sketches although clever.

It is impossible for us to look at the two canvases which he exhibits this year, "Le Val Moussu" and "The Oaks of Brutes-Cornes," without being convinced that when he put his name to them he had not exhausted all the resources of his brush. We advise M. Pointelin to commence at once to analyze nature a little more without changing the simplicity of his workmanship. The expression of his thoughts will be all the grander for it, for the immortal poets are those who have been able to condense the sublimest thoughts into a simple and precise formula.

"I have something to tell you, my friend, while the idea is fresh in my mind, or else I shall forget all about it. It's this. What people call 'still-life' should be the work of old people, or those who are old from their birth. It is only a matter of study and patience. There's no fancy in it, very little genius, scarcely any poetry, but a good deal of technique and realism, and that's all."

M. Bail is a young man, and the sprightliness of his touch, which reminds us very vaguely of M. Blaise Desgoffe's, shows that he never was old. It is for this reason we have quoted Diderot's smart saying to his friend Grimm, in the hope that M. Joseph Bail, who is an artist of a vigorous temperament, will inwardly digest it and derive benefit therefrom.

His "Brochet et Cuivre" is certainly the work of a master hand, but it is quite an impossibility for us to become enraptured with such trivial compositions, which are only a transference of physical objects to canvas where they appeal to the sight alone. The execution, we repeat, is most remarkable, yet we prefer

M. Bail's "Corvée des cuivres," where he has assigned a minor position to human activity in an environment of brightly tinned cooking utensils.

The modern master of still-life, he whose name will figure later in the history of art beside those of Snyders, Chardin, Cuyp and Roland de la Porte, M. Antoine Vollon, exhibits this year a "Coin de cuisine" where, like a sun amid pots and pans of all descriptions, shines a magnificent pumpkin. I imagine —it is surely not a delusion — that Vollon must be one of the most unfortunate artists of his time. I am afraid that his fame in the execution of still-life condemns him, to some extent, to provide the numerous admirers of his talent with canvases containing only inanimate objects, whereas his rich fertile brush is capable of rendering in a most charming way subjects borrowed from actual life.

But Providence, which orders always wisely, has commissioned the artist's son, M. Alexis Vollon, whose talent asserts itself more and more from year to year, to complete his father's work by painting life in all its forms, and he acquits himself of his task with high intelligence and talent, in proof whereof we would point out his exhibit of this year, "Don Quixote," which is much and

most deservedly appreciated. M. Alexis Vollon has chosen as a title for his subject the following extract from Cervantes, of which his painting is a faithful and very humorous interpretation : "At last, this worthy gentleman buried himself so much in his books that his nights were passed in reading until the small hours, and his days were similarly employed from morning to evening..... By sleeping so little and reading so much, his brain shrunk and he lost his wits."

We notice also at the Champs-Élysées two still-life subjects by M. Fouace, "Dessert" and "My Catch." They are painted in a full and brilliant style, but are somewhat heavy.

M. Blaise Desgoffe exhibits two pictures, one representing a "Circassian Helmet and Oriental Powder Flask" taken from the Museum of Artillery, the other "Agates and Rock Crystals" from the Louvre. As M. Maxime Du Camp has previously passed judgment on M. Desgoffe, we take the liberty of repeating his decision here, for, in our opinion, it is conclusive and may apply equally to the present works of this artist and to those which he formerly executed; as also, we have no doubt, to those in store for us in the future : "Probably the science of still-life deception was never carried further; and were it not puerile to expend such great and conscientious efforts in arriving at an almost negative result, that is to say a result which merely aims at pleasing the eye, without interesting any faculty of the mind, it would be admirable."

REMY. COCCHE
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# SCULPTURE

# SCULPTURE

One of M. Falguière's best titles to renown is that he was one of the first to react, with unquestioned power, against that school of sculpture which, enslaved by tradition, seemed fated to represent life in a style devoid of all expression.

We scarcely know any work more life-like than M. Falguière's, and among the numerous sculptors who do so much honor to French art, we find none more skilful than he is in giving to marble the feverish glow of modern life. We cannot therefore but still regret that this eminent artist has for the last few years persistently sought his inspirations in Scripture and Mythology.

But since M. Falguière deems it his duty to continue to glorify in his marble transcripts the immortal beauty of Olympian divinities, and that, no doubt, in the hope of glorifying still more his

own academic immortality, we will take the liberty of criticising here the intellectual side of his work.

His Juno of the Salon of 1890, which he modestly entitles "The Woman with the Peacock," belongs as little to Mythology as his Diana of the Salon of 1882, which was catalogued as "The Hunting Nymph." There are immortal types which long tradition and the poet's song have so idealized and cast, so to say, in a certain mould, that to reproduce them without a faithful adherence to the marvelous legends which are, as it were, the very framework of their fictitious existence, is to destroy their entire individuality.

Some years ago, when looking at Falguière's Diana, whose features, action, and form have been so popularized by numberless reproductions, I involuntarily thought of the page in which Winckelmann sketches the type of *Diana Venatrix,* "who more than all the other grand goddesses has the appearance of a virgin." It would have been very curious to compare this sketch with the statue exhibited by M. Falguière, in the powerful execution of which the sculptor seems to have striven to annihilate all the godlike qualities of the brilliant sister of Apollo, the beautiful and graceful Artemis, the goddess of chastity.

And again this year we cannot contemplate M. Falguière's Juno, so radiant with youth in the life-like, slender elegance of her maidenhood, without being slightly troubled with the thought that we have before us the daughter of Saturn, the sister, yet also wife of Jupiter, the mighty queen of the gods, the patroness of marriage, the relentless and jealous persecutor of Hercules, the mother of Mars, and her whose milk now floods the vault of Heaven throughout the *via lactea.*

In spite of her proud, arrogant air, M. Falguière's figure, which in future will always be catalogued under the title of Juno, owing to the presence of the symbolic bird, reminds us of the daughter of Saturn and the mother of Mars as vaguely as the Junos of Natoire, Angelica Kauffmann, and Coypel: but every incentive to

A. FALGUIERE

THE WOMAN WITH THE PEACOCK

J. L. GEROME

TANAGRA

criticism disappears if we restrict ourselves to the study of the material execution of this life-like figure whose faultless mould is superb in its maiden suppleness and firmness. It would scarcely be possible to imagine a more perfect Diana if the sculptor, with a blow from his hammer, were to suppress the peacock and to ornament the forehead of his statue with the silver crescent of Delos.

The severest and the most learned historians of art would, we think, turn over the productions, many and important as they are, of M. Gérome for a long time without coming across even the suspicion of an anachronism.

With artistic penetration in which are blended profound emotion, consummate skill, and the truest science, M. Gérome knows how to surprise us with his life-like renderings of a past age, and this power of conjuration is evident in his conceptions both in marble and in the canvases where he has so definitely fixed with his brush the figures and customs of other times.

In looking at his figure "Tanagra" we may imagine ourselves at once transported to Athens. This statue with aurora-like tints is in its divine impassibility even as a gentle apparition of Greek beauty, suddenly awakened from the sleep of ages in all the splendor of youth, by the beneficent genius of a great artist who wishes to distract for a moment the attention of his contemporaries from the spiritless copies, too often repeated, of human ugliness.

The execution of this work, so poetical and so original in its conception, perfectly realizes the artist's ideal. "Tanagra" is indeed a masterly work, and we do not believe that the sculptor's chisel can render with more delicacy the softness of feminine contours or the suppleness and the quivering vitality of the flesh.

I firmly hope that the State will become purchaser of this remarkable work, and that we shall soon have the opportunity of examining it at our leisure in the Museum of the Luxembourg.

The committee elected by the numerous friends and admirers

of Guillaumet, to entrust to a sculptor of eminence the execution of a monument to the memory of the great artist, could not have made a better choice than M. Barrias, who had already shown in so masterly a manner in his "First Funeral" the mournful poetry of Death.

His "Young Girl of Bou-Saada," is a *chef-d'œuvre* of graceful melancholy. Seated in the attitude dear to women of the *douars* —women whose monastic and monotonous existence Guillaumet painted so sympathetically—she is scattering rose leaves over the tomb of the artist so deeply lamented, with an action infinitely charming. The arrangement of the drapery is remarkably clever.

The figure of M. Barrias, the model of which is in wax, will soon be cast in bronze, and this work—of which we hope to see a replica in the Museum of the Luxembourg by the side of the "Tanagra" of Gérome—would suffice to immortalize the memory of the sculptor who executed it, and of the painter who inspired it.

M. Charpentier, for whom the future opens its doors so widely, seeks especially to glorify in the whiteness of marble the beauty of the human form without being too anxious about the expression. His work is somewhat wanting in suggestiveness, and perhaps he is scarcely in harmony with the present, doubtlessly owing to a prolonged contemplation of the masterpieces of Grecian art. But we have, however, to recognize that M. Charpentier, who is still young, possesses very great executive skill, derived from the best lessons of his masters. He already excels in setting up his figures, which are well and correctly modeled, in refined plastic attitudes, and no doubt he will before long afford us the pleasing task of commending a new work conceived for once without any preoccupation of antique statuary, and carried out with as much originality as learning.

We shall never reproach M. Dampt with not attempting to "make marble think." In each of the works exhibited by him

there is an evidence of skill which strongly impresses us. The effect produced is that of a well-matured conception, interpreted in a charming and original form with all the resources at the command of talent.

[illegible] A Dancer

The figure which he exhibits this year under the title of "The End of the Dream," is a melancholy paraphrase of a theme which has already tempted many artists before him, and even before Greuze, who gave to his interpretation a more familiar turn than M. Dampt has done.

The latter shows us a young girl with a dejected, mournful air. Her anxious brow and the heartbroken expression of her features betray the deepest anguish, and we expect to see tears start from her swimming eyes. Evidently a long cherished dream is now ruthlessly broken in the naïve heart of this young girl, and we would willingly repeat to her what Diderot formerly said to another maiden whose love, like hers, had terminated unhappily: "Ah! my dear, your grief is very sincere and shows itself too plainly, yet of what use is this pensive, melancholy air? For a poor bird! Come, my child, confide in me, tell me what is the matter—— Ah well!" While the young girl seems inconsolably plunged in her sad thoughts, a fleeting vision spreads out its golden wings behind her and takes its bright flight towards heaven.

The touching symbolism of this charming and original work long riveted our attention.

M. Labatut exhibits in plaster a Cato of Utica in true classic style. The young artist has well expressed the serenity of the man who wished to die free without undergoing the humiliation of a pardon. The stoical expression of the features shows well the stern energy and the inmost determination of the hero. We can imagine we hear him repeat while disdainfully awaiting death : "Now I am my own master." This statue of M. Labatut promises us a beautiful marble for next year.

"Young traveler, come hither and admire the sweet harmony of our songs. After enjoying this pleasure and gaining from us much wisdom and knowledge, you shall proceed on your journey." It is, doubtless, by these seductive promises, which were made previously in somewhat similar terms to the hard-hearted Argonauts, that the siren of M. Puech, Aglaopheme, Ligeia, or Peisinoë, has succeeded in carrying off into the depths of the ocean the imprudent youth who hangs tremblingly to the fresh and lustrous waist of the monster. The artist, in spite of the inherent difficulty of execution in this strange composition, has successfully rendered the treacherously bewitching smile of the siren, and the fright of her unfortunate victim. The modeling of their forms has been very carefully studied and the group which seems in motion in the midst of waves is arranged harmoniously in a way suggestive of a graceful yet rapid flight. One thing troubles me in this work of M. Puech, viz. The enormous wings of the siren. Horace had told me that the siren was a monster "half woman, half fish." M. Puech completes my education by teaching me that this monster is no less feathery than scaly. There must, no doubt, be good and sufficient reasons for ornamenting this figure with two such wings, but I imagine that these adjuncts, so useful to M. Dampt's fanciful creation, must be of subordinate utility to M. Puech's siren, in her submarine wanderings.

We confess to having a liking for the brilliant talent of M. Van der Straeten, and we should applaud with both hands if

the Administration des Beaux-Arts decided to become owner of some of his charming little figures, in order that they might undergo translation into the white biscuit of Sèvres. There is in these elegant figures of M. Van der Straeten, where all the attractions of the Parisienne of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries seem blended, a delightful charm free from all guile; and it is always with fresh pleasure, on quitting the grave meditations into which we are plunged when examining the academic marbles, that we seat ourselves near the enchanting composition which M. Van der Straeten entitles "Spring," and which is a little marvel of delicacy and refined grace.

M. Van der Straeten exhibits also a bust of a woman in marble, a work of great beauty and strikingly original in its composition.

M. Marqueste, irresistibly drawn by his strong and lasting sympathies to the Florentine Renaissance, asks us this year to witness a fresh execution of Medusa. We are familiar with the ordinary spectacle, but M. Marqueste has succeeded in imparting a novelty to it by means of new action and a style of work quite his own.

Let us also mention the highly attractive group of "Bacchante and Satyr," by M. Henri Gauquié. What characterizes the composition of M. Gauquié and makes it an original work, is the strong vitality which is so apparent. The execution of the details is at times a little careless, and certain modelings are decidedly too soft. This is much to be regretted, for the work is really full of good qualities. But most fortunately we have as yet only the design in plaster to criticise, and we have every reason to believe that M. Gauquié, who is one of our young and most conscientious sculptors, has already discovered some of his weak points and will endeavor to correct them when he puts his hand to the final execution in marble.

When I first went through the ground-floor of the Palais des

Champs-Élysées, it was no small surprise for me suddenly to find myself at the foot of a large equestrian statue, which, to my mind, represented one of the traditional *alguazils* of the bull-fights mounted on his Andalusian steed, possibly crossing the arena to ask the president of the sports for the key of the *toril*. These fine cavaliers, clothed in velvet and magnificently plumed like some Duke of Olivares, and always seated proudly on their superb animals, have a very lofty air, and I am not surprised that their costume and their attitude have frequently tempted the hand of many an artist. Nevertheless I was astonished when I saw the figure of one of these functionaries of the bull-ring reproduced with such elaborateness by one of our most eminent sculptors. And I remained contemplating this colossal monument, which seems destined to appear eventually in bronze or in marble for the adornment of some public place, until an inscription, which is somewhat inconspicuous, on the pedestal apprised me that the figure before me was that of

Velazquez. So then this brilliant cavalier, whom in my crass ignorance I took for some ordinary official at a bull-fight, was none other than the great Diego Rodriguez de Sylva y Velazquez. Only think of it. We would, however, take the liberty of asking M. Frémiet what has induced him to represent this great artist in such an imposing equestrian array. We can easily imagine that Velazquez, the courtly painter, was a practised horseman, and should indeed be much astonished to learn that the companion of the chase and the *aposentador mayor* of Philip IV could not bear himself proudly when seated on the most fiery of Andalusians.

But that will not suffice to make us accept the strange fancy of M. Frémiet, who wishes to show the immortal limner of the "Spinners" and the "Surrender of Breda," in the only too well-known guise of an attendant on the bulls in the Rue Pergolèse.

We will now examine the work in question from a purely intellectual point of view, and begin by saying that we unreservedly admire the material execution in which is so noticeable the masterly talent of M. Frémiet in all its personality and nervous vigor.

His Andalusian with erect head and gracefully curved neck, slender yet sinewy legs, and compact elegant form, is one of his best works.

But still I am puzzled to know why he has given the name of Velazquez to this superbly mounted horseman, in whose hand we find a commander's baton. Why not, as we should have supposed, a key with ribbons?

It is, no doubt, a printer's error.

We will also mention "La Caresse," a marble group by M. Ludovic Durand, a fine piece of decorative work, and the "Dying Soldier" a beautifully conceived figure in plaster, which is intended for the Breton patriotic monument at Saint-Brieuc.

M. Gustave Michel exhibits a statue in stone: "Peace," a fine example of decorative work; M. Alfred Boucher, "A Son of the

Soil," a figure in plaster almost monumental, representing a toiler of the fields; M. Renaudot, a "Diana," in marble; M. Roulleau, a "Leda," also in marble; M. Hector Lemaire, a "Venus," in plaster; M. Stanislas Lami, "A Dream," in plaster, and a "Duguesclin," in bronze; M. Levasseur, a beautiful group in marble entitled "After the Combat;" M. Carlier, a carefully studied marble of his "Gilliatt;" M. Jules Coutan, a marble statue for the tomb of Madame Louis Herbette; M. Mercié, a graceful allegorical figure representing "Painting;" M. Chapu, the marble of his "Dancing Girl;" M. Gardet, "An Archer," in marble; Van Beurden, "At the Well," a pretty figure in bronze—— Let us also mention, before finishing this too rapid nomenclature, some remarkable busts signed by Guillaume, Mercié, Dubois, Carlès, Tony-Noël, Loiseau, Guilbert, Blanchard, Boisseau, Bernstamm, Aubé—— and some very interesting frames enclosing medals by MM. Alphée Dubois, Daniel Dupuis, Louis Bottée, and Marioton.

# Société Nationale des Beaux Arts

Loyalty to the task which we imposed on ourselves at the beginning of this work, to restrict ourselves solely to imparting to the reader the art impression received by us during our walks through the exhibitions at the Champs-Élysées and at the Champ de Mars, forbids us, to our great regret, to discuss or dilate upon the causes which have so justifiably brought about the establishment of the new Salon, very improperly qualified at a recent meeting of the Superior Council of the Beaux-Arts as an "Academy." However, the form in which our review is cast would scarcely permit our varying the subjects of our criticism, for we have now very little space left to speak of one of the richest, most vigorous and most original art exhibitions that we have hitherto had the privilege of seeing.

We may, nevertheless, be permitted to note that in the memorable engagement between the two bodies which have organized the Salons of 1890, victory has fallen to the lot of the seceders. The fact is incontestable, and it would show ill-temper to deny it. The exhibition at the Champs-Élysées gives an impression of lost efforts, of strength devoid of all personality and uselessly expended in the breathless pursuit of an obsolete ideal, and also of saddening monotony. The aspect of the exhibition at the Champ de Mars is, on the contrary, fresh, vigorous, and original. One feels there the quivering of all the ardor of young, artistic, self-reliant enthusiasm, sometimes too audacious in its attempts, but nearly always of admirable sincerity in its romantic aspirations.

We cannot escape the pleasant obligation of putting at the head of our review of the exhibition in the Champ de Mars, the name of M. Meissonier. After having been, by the mere force of his own will, the veritable organizer of the victory of which we have just spoken, this illustrious artist has further decided to crown in a manner more triumphant and definitive, the success of the new Salon, by placing himself among the exhibitors. The position he occupies is indeed one of the most glorious, for his "October 1806" is absolutely worthy to figure in a gallery of honor at the Louvre between "1814" and "1807". If all the works of Meissonier—important as they are—were reduced to these three canvases, which form a sort of historical triptych in which is embodied the entire Napoleonic epopee, with its triumphs, its struggles, and its disasters,—how assured would be the artist's immortality! For there never was painter who could express at once, in a form more synthetical and with more science and feeling, the grandeur of his subject.

In the composition now before us, M. Meissonier shows the battle of Jena, the action taking place under an autumn sky heavy with rain clouds.

The struggle is nearing its end. The regiments of Hohenlohe,

Edmond Sain

AN OCTOBER EVENING

decimated by Soult's artillery, rush in disorder down the slopes of the Landgrafenberg, pursued by the heavy French cavalry which, like an enormous wave, fills the valley of the Ilm, crushing everything in its course. From the top of a neighboring hill, Napoleon, surrounded by a brilliant staff, witnesses the terrible charge of the cuirassiers of Murat who leave behind them nought but blood. prostrate bodies, heaps of arms, abandoned guns, countless flags. Victory is assured. The Prussian army gives way in all directions. And yet the Emperor's look does not express the complete intoxication of triumph. A cloud still shades his pensive features, for another great battle is in progress at the distance of a few miles, near the village of Auerstadt, and Napoleon is not ignorant that Davoust and Bernadotte have before them the royal Prussian troops, under the orders of the old Duke of Brunswick. Hence, no doubt, the expression of triumph tempered with care still pervading the Emperor's visage, which Meissonier has already so admirably depicted in its most historical phases with unsurpassable skill.

The author of "1806," "1807," and "1814," is the historian for all time of the Napoleonic features—much more so than the contemporary painters of the French Cæsar, for instead of rendering in a conventional style and in a hieratic pose the almost deified image of the Emperor, he has been able, with his unerring brush, to fix in a masterly, definitive manner, the life-like expression of the face of his Imperial model, lightened or darkened in turn by the brilliant or tragic events of his heroic yet terrible career.

The execution of "1806" is equal to its conception. Meissonier was never more master of his brush, his touch was never bolder or more vigorous, never was his drawing more nervous, or his color more brilliant, and he never managed the crowds and groups in any of his compositions with greater art.

As to ourselves, we do not hesitate to declare that when, quite recently, we had the rare good fortune to again visit the atelier of the master and witness his execution of some of the details of the

"Battle of Jena," an admiration half-religious took possession of us. It was indeed a noble sight to see this old man who, nearly eighty years of age—the age when Michael Angelo painted the "Last Judgment"—was devoting with wonderful ardor the last years of a life full of glory and honor to endow his country with other immortal *chefs-d'œuvre.*

M. Carolus-Duran is represented at the Salon by six portraits and a study of a nude female figure. Never, we think, has the work of this eminent artist been more sumptuously represented, putting aside, however, the Exhibition of 1889, and we may with the utmost confidence affirm that his exhibits have contributed greatly to the enormous success of the display in the Champ de Mars.

We declare in perfect sincerity that our embarrassment would be great if we were under the necessity of giving our preference for one or other of these superb canvases, so radiant and so glowing, in the large gallery of the new Salon. Beyond doubt the portrait of Madame—(183) has an air of triumph about it, and surely the artist never found a subject more instinct with life or more attractive in the rich and pearly splendor of its beauty. This magician of the palette never handled his reds more harmoniously, nor ever wielded his brush more enchantingly and sympathetically in the softened shade of velvets and furs.

But this marvelous room is full of artistic unities so admirably harmonious in their different degrees of tone, that the praise which we have just bestowed on the painting of the woman in red in all its superb luster of sweet beauty, cannot be diminished

when applied to the woman in grey (179), to the royal portrait of Princess—(177), to the figure studied in so masterly a way of Madame—(178), to the life-like bust of the young André—(181), and to the remarkable portrait of the Norwegian painter, Fritz Thaulow, whose powerful physique and smiling good nature the artist has been able to express with extraordinary force.

This last work in which all the sparkling original qualities of the artist are apparent, can be put beside the celebrated portrait of the landscape painter Français. We feel that Carolus-Duran, whose healthy, vigorous talent remains for ever opposed to the sickly seductiveness of modern decadence, delights in selecting the finest types for his models, and I imagine that his brush must have reveled in its work when it fixed for ever the brilliant flesh tints of his two striking models.

I cannot but pity the unfortunate Sténio of George Sand, if the ever-frozen heart of his insensible mistress was enclosed in a casket as divinely beautiful and as elegant and charming in form, as the "Lelia" of Carolus-Duran.

We may here be permitted to extract the few following lines from an estimate we formed some years ago with reference to one of the most important compositions of Puvis de Chavannes, and which we think may be applied to the whole of his work :

"Always Grecian in the execution of his conceptions, Puvis de Chavannes seeks to find in the sublimity of beauty, both of man and nature, his ideal of eternal calm. The wind has never bent the trees, rent the clouds, disturbed the water in his canvases; grief has never ruffled the serene brow of his maidens, pain has never shaken the frames of his heroes, not even when he chose for his subjects the deepest despair or the sorest affliction, as in his "Prodigal Son" and his "Poor Fisherman." He has refused to express suffering by physical contortions which might disturb the harmony of his lines. With remarkable science, he has sought in archaic forms and attitudes the delineation of the grief which he wished to express,

and the public of the day, although delighting in tortured art, has found itself deeply moved before these pictures so impassible in their expression and yet so heartbreaking."

Cannot these lines, which were inspired by the sight of the "Ludus pro Patria," now in the Amiens Museum, be used again with reference to the "Inter Artes et Naturam," which will soon be placed on the grand staircase of the Rouen Museum? Never has this illustrious artist sung with more effective eloquence than in this latter work, which is assuredly one of his best, the penetrating and majestic poetry of the "eternal calm." As ever the arrangement of the groups, in its noble simplicity, has a marvelously striking effect, and here again the work of Puvis de Chavannes, conceived in the inspired dream of a great poet, and reproduced with the inspired *naïveté* of a great painter, enchants and delights us. Where, perhaps, the highest skill in this direction is evident, is in his composition of the middle distance, consisting entirely of a vast landscape where are seen a broad river, a large town, rounded hills, deep woods quivering in the breeze, flowery plains, and a boundless sky beneath which circulate the perfume-laden zephyrs of spring.

This symbolical composition, so beautifully arranged and so directly imitated from nature, is, for the mind and vision of all who can realize its inner meaning and admire its execution, a refreshing resting-place, where they may enjoy the melancholy poesy of the past, while contemplating the smiling face of nature.

M. Gervex has exhibited nine pictures—six portraits, a study of the nude, a landscape, and an important composition representing assembled in the editor's room of the *République française,* the principal contributors to that paper. We see M. Joseph Reinach who, at the moment, stops writing in order to listen to M. Emmanuel Arène, who leans forward to speak to him. Close by, M. Challemel-Lacour is conversing with M. Spuller, while M. Waldeck-Rousseau is thoughtfully smoking a cigarette, and M. Jules Roche, with his back against the mantelpiece, from his air and attitude

H. GERVEX

THE [illegible] OF THE RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

seems to be fully alive to the responsibility of the position he is about to assume. The portraits are very life-like, very cleverly grouped, and are a perfect presentment of their well-known originals. The whole composition is illumined by an agreeable silvery light, and does the greatest honor to M. Gervex.

We also paused a long time before the portrait of the artist's father (403). This work which is of very modest dimensions is full of the highest qualities, and it is easy to persuade ourselves that the painter has exhausted all the resources of his art to fix definitively features which are dear to him. The head, which is drawn and modeled with rare firmness and solidity, stands out with great clearness and is beautifully toned against a background of foliage.

The portraits of Mademoiselle F. (405), of Mademoiselle K. (406), of M. G. S. (407) are also high-class works, which we prefer to the artist's own portrait (404), and to that of Miss B. (409), in the execution of which M. Gervex seems to have unduly suffered from the influence of Mackart, an influence which, we hope, will not again attract him.

His nude study only half-pleases us. Here again the color has unusual heaviness, and the drawing is disagreeably hard. This is very far indeed from the Marie of *Rolla!* Let M. Gervex be contented to paint with talent which is all his own. It will amply suffice for the success of his work.

For several years we have followed with the keenest interest the continual progress of M. Jules Muenier, who is still but a young man. The artistic reputation of this painter dates from the Salon of 1887. M. Muenier exhibited at that time a canvas of comparatively modest proportions, showing a country priest pensive amidst the dahlias in his garden. This finely studied figure stood out against an extensive landscape softly lighted by the last rays of the sun. It at once arrested the attention of those who could appreciate fine work on account of its charming original qualities, obtained for M. Muenier a *bourse de voyage,* and at the same time placed him in the front rank of the young rising artists.

From that day M. Muenier has continued to work with zeal, and profiting by the leisure and resources afforded him by the State, has sought valuable advice of the old Italian, Flemish, and Spanish masters, who have shown him how to fix in brilliant studies all the magical and fairy-like scenes which he has witnessed in his toilsome artistic pilgrimage under the bright skies of Spain and Africa.

Now the science of design has no more secrets for M. Muenier, for he can with supreme art make his characters live and breathe in a fitting atmosphere. We have a proof of it in the two canvases exhibited by him this year in the Champ de Mars.

THE RETURN OF THE FLOCK

under the titles of "Fine Weather" and "On the Bridge," which receive due recognition. The first represents a family gathering around a table, in the open air, under a light sky in which white clouds are seen sailing slowly along. There is between the harmonious light of this fine summer's day and the happiness of all these good people united in a common affection, an intimate union which makes it impossible for anyone to regard this charming piece of work, so full of tranquil joy, without feeling himself overwhelmed by a pleasant sense of calm and repose. M. Muenier's analysis of the life-like portraiture of his figures is lively and profound, and he has most skillfully grouped them in natural attitudes. This picture is certainly one of the best and most attractive in the Salon of the Champ de Mars.

"On the Bridge" is a work of less importance. The subject has nothing of the heroic in it. A young peasant girl, seated on the parapet of a bridge, beneath which flows a clear river, is watching a fisherman who, half-hidden by the willows, is about to cast his net from the bank. But the attitude of the girl, suddenly arrested in her saunter by the sight of the fisherman, is of such amorous eloquence, that in spite of ourselves we become interested in this little rural scene which the artist has depicted with astonishing sincerity. Here, as in the preceding example, the landscape setting is rendered with a realism which, though sober and delicate, is nevertheless impressive in its coloring.

M. Muenier, who is decidedly one of the successful artists of the Salon of the Champ de Mars, also exhibits three other small subjects, "A September Morning," "Nightfall," and "Hollyhocks," in which are revealed, as in "Fine Weather" and "On the Bridge," the qualities of a masterly designer and a clever colorist.

Like M. Muenier, M. Girardot is yet a young man. Like him also, he obtained some years ago a *bourse de voyage,* and we have had the opportunity of seeing that he, too, has been able to derive precious advantages from official encouragement. But in contrast

to M. Muenier, who only saw the East in order to fix its magical splendor in superb studies, M. Girardot is bent on devoting the greater part of his brilliant career to painting for us the majestic appearance of the Arabs, the mystery of the Oriental veil, and the white and blue immensities of African sand and sky.

The "Nomads in Morocco," his various views of Tangier, his studies of Moorish types, are so many real images of African life and nature depicted with the keenest perception in warm, vivid colors.

Under the various titles : "In the Woods," "First Steps," "Playthings," Madame Delance-Feurgard exhibits various scenes of child-life reproduced with the most charming artistic coloring, yet with an execution a little too careless. We should prefer a little more precision in the outlines and firmness in the modeling.

M. Paul Delance, who is progressing very rapidly, has sent to the Salon a fine decorative panel. "The Heights of Montmartre."

M. Émile Friant is a Fleming of the nineteenth century. Like the Dutch masters, he knows how to produce a canvas which in

E. FRIANT

YOUNG WRESTLERS

its general aspect is broadly painted, but which has all its details most subtly analyzed.

M. Friant exhibits no less than nine pictures. The most important is entitled "The Struggle," and represents two young lads in bathing costume, measuring their strength on the sward by a riverside, in presence of friends who, like them, are but scantily clad. There was an opportunity for M. Friant to paint flesh tints as seen in the open air, and he has done it most successfully too. It would be difficult to render the delicate color of the human epidermis, rosy from the freshness of the bath and the caressing of the breeze, more naturally than he has done.

The other works of M. Friant, who generally troubles himself very little with compositions of extraordinary size, are of modest dimensions, but each of them commends itself by qualities of first-class workmanship, of great strength and refinement. The "Political Discussion" is a masterpiece. The analysis of the human figure was never carried further than in this little picture for which, if I am not mistaken, there is a brilliant future in store.

Then comes M. Allan Osterlind, the well-known Swedish artist, with three important works, "Chinese Shadows," "Slaughtering Sheep," and "Orphan Girls." All these three works, inspired by a sincere and profound love of reality, are broadly painted by a gifted artist who is disdainful of minute analysis of detail, and desirous above all to express by means of color the general physiognomy of his subjects. M. Osterlind, whose exhibit is one of the most interesting in the Salon and of indisputable originality, is a colorist in the fullest acceptation of the word.

M. Lhermitte shows four compositions, "Sainte-Claire Deville," "Harvesters' Rest," "Thirst," and "Haymaking." The three last canvases belong to the rustic order, for which M. Lhermitte has such special affection; and to their execution, which is very skillful, he has brought all the feeling which he knows so well how to bestow on his rural subjects.

The picture representing Sainte-Claire Deville is intended to decorate one of the rooms of the Faculty of Science. The artist shows us the celebrated professor standing surrounded by his colleagues and pupils, about to perform an experiment in one of the lecture rooms of the Sorbonne. We find in this beautiful picture the same qualities as in the "Claude Bernard" exhibited in the Salon of 1889—likewise destined for the same room of the Faculty of Science—conscientious study of heads, clever grouping, life-like attitudes, and in the highest sense realistic truthfulness. It has with reason been said that the Direction des Beaux-Arts was well advised when, instead of sending M. Lhermitte off to the harvesters and haymakers whom he paints so well, it commissioned him to assist in the decoration of the rooms of the Sorbonne.

A word in passing for M. Tournès, who has three pictures, "A Female undressing," "Sunrise," and "Déjeuner," all of which, in their grey and slightly misty tones, are full of a soft, attractive charm.

M. Montenard cannot make up his mind to be disloyal to his Provence skies. He is more than ever attached to them, and this year the canvases which he exhibits, almost all of them inspired by views in the environs of Toulon, are so intensely luminous that one experiences quite a sensation of heat in looking at them. They are radiant at the Champ de Mars with all the brilliancy of the Southern sun, of which M. Montenard is decidedly the official painter, as well as the poetic interpreter. All his exhibits, to the number of six, are most interesting, but "Gathering Grapes in Provence" deserves special mention, for M. Montenard has never expressed with more spirit than in this canvas the scorching glare of the summer sun of Provence, whose rays inflame his vibrating and luminous landscape. Ye gods! how the wine-growers of M. Montenard are to be pitied!

The two panels ordered of M. Lerolle for the church of Saint-Martin, representing the most memorable episodes in the life of

MARTIN TRADING HIS CLOAK WITH A BEGGAR

its blessed patron, are agreeable in color and of a charming decorative aspect. We prefer, however, to them, "Evening" by the same artist, a very characteristic work, wherein the whole talent of M. Lerolle is employed. This composition, symbolical in its conception, represents two young people walking side by side, lovingly and slowly, in a marvelous twilight landscape, evi-

dently drawn directly from nature, and in the sweet translucency of which sight and imagination are gradually absorbed. M. Lerolle's two figures are attired as were the original inhabitants of the garden of Eden, and the grace of their attitude is so chaste, the elegance of their form so striking, that even the most modest of visitors could not think of reproaching them for showing themselves thus, with only the very transparent first shades of night

for raiment. This canvas is a work of high merit and does the greatest honor to the eminent artist whose signature it bears.

M. Jacques Blanche's exhibits are most important ones. This young artist has sent nine portraits to the Champ de Mars. Each of them is full of sterling qualities, and we see with pleasure that M. Blanche is gradually freeing himself from the baleful artistic influences which oppressed him so heavily when his talent first began to manifest itself. This painter's *technique* is of an indisputable originality, and it would be fruitless, we think, to attempt to ascribe the "Portrait of Dr. Blanche" to any academical tradition whatsoever. This portrait so striking in color and so life-like is, in our opinion, one of the best in the Salon of the Champ de Mars.

Let us also direct the attention of the visitor to the seven pictures of M. Gustave Courtois. The most important and noticeable one is, beyond all question, "Regnard's *Lisette*," whose graceful smile will adorn within a few weeks the crush-room of the Odéon, which tends more and more to become a true picture gallery.

M. Hagborg's "Young Mariner" is another great success, and this is as it should be, for the work is highly attractive and of unusual power. The young sailor is, it is easy to see, a marine apprentice. The painter presents him to us at the tiller of a fishing boat rocked on the waves. Near him is seated a broad-shouldered seaman, a true jack-tar, who, with pipe in mouth, is wholly indifferent, if not superior, to the tossing of the small craft. And this air so full of confidence gives to the action and appearance of the young helmsman an expression which is almost grand, an expression arising from a consciousness of his responsibility, and a pride in his important duties. The young fellow is entirely fearless, and M. Hagborg has made no mistake in picking him out as a future sea dog.

M. Hagborg's subject is most clearly explained in a style full of energy and strength.

VARNISHING DAY AT THE PALAIS DES CHAMPS-ELYSÉES

This artist also exhibits four other canvases, though, properly speaking, they are but life-like studies rapidly thrown off, whereas the "Young Mariner" is a work of real importance, which does the utmost credit to the artist.

The picture of M. Rixens, "Varnishing Day at the Palais des Champs-Élysées" is a great attraction to the public, and it could scarcely be otherwise, for the artist has very skillfully made use of this subject to present to us, all congregated in the natural disorder of a promenade in the sculpture Salon, amid flowers and statues, the best-known characters both literary and artistic of the "Tout Paris" of to-day. The feminine element maintains a high place among all these celebrities, and M. Rixens has been able to fix with a rare observant talent not only their features and attitudes but also their gestures. M. Rixens shows likewise some interesting portraits and a pretty nude study entitled "The Toilet," admirable in execution and charming in color.

It is to the interpretation of the theme "The Woman of the Period," a theme of inexhaustible variety, that the Belgian master, Alfred Stevens, has devoted the greater portion of his laborious and brilliant artistic career.

He is represented at the Champ de Mars by a dozen canvases, comprising delicate, pearly sea-pieces, finely colored landscapes, Shakespearian figures, rendered with unusual power of romantic vision. But in none of these subjects has he been able to find the triumphant inspiration which enabled him to fix definitely, with his brilliant touches, the charming features of those "Contemporaines," whose memorable images are catalogued under the titles of "The Young Widow" (839), "A Musician" (842), "The Letter" (849), and "Les Iris" (843), the last being an interesting study of the genuine *chef-d'œuvre* which figures in the Brussels Museum as "La Bête à bon Dieu."

Although Italian, M. Boldini absolutely refuses to perpetuate in his work the memory, otherwise sufficiently established, of Titian,

Veronese, or Giorgione. One would seek in vain among his compositions, which have such an elegant modern stamp, any marked suggestion derived from the "Assumption," the "Marriage in Cana" or the "Al fresco Concert." M. Boldini who, like the poet, wishes to drink out of his own glass, disdains the lessons of his illustrious compatriots, and prefers to their sumptuous Venetian lusters, the modest snowy whites and pearly greys by the harmonious and judicious union of which he obtains his most bewitching effects. The great success achieved by M. Boldini at the Exhibition of 1889 with his female portraits, so elegant, so refined, has just been repeated at the Champ de Mars, for the canvas which represents the portraits of that excellent painter, M. John Lewis Brown and his family, is certainly one of the most interesting and most remarkable works in the Salon. Without resorting to exaggeration or the common fault of caricature, M. Boldini, in the execution of each of his portraits, endeavors to develop in a natural manner the features, the expression, the attitude and the movement most characteristic of his subject. By adopting this method he succeeds in depicting with impressive, life-like reality the entire physiognomy of his model.

He has applied this process in a most successful manner to the portrait of M. John Lewis Brown, who is seen dragging off his family with a hearty contagious laugh at a madly rapid rate which must inevitably end in a joyous holiday. This rollicking gait is extremely comical.

The bearing of the five other feminine portraits exhibited by M. Boldini is less demonstrative; I was going to say more orthodox, if such an epithet could ever be applied to one of the figures of M. Boldini, in which fancy always finds some excuse for a smile. In their portraits, as in that of M. John Lewis Brown, there is the same intensity of expression, rendered in a very effective manner with a brush which at times is as incisive as a scalpel.

The little picture which he exhibits under the simple title of

"A Study," representing a driver asleep in his *fiacre* at a standstill, is a masterpiece of handling and good humor. The lean horse, a sort of bare-ribbed Rosinante, whose impatience betrays itself by an extraordinary yet indisputably natural attitude, is anatomized with unerring precision.

M. Rosset-Granger, whose manner seems to have perceptibly changed, and who appears to wish to introduce more open air and truth into his compositions, is honorably represented at the Salon by a series of views in Provence.

M. Guillaume Dubufe who, in expressing his mystic subject, has resorted to execution of almost immaterial lightness, exhibits a large picture, "The Virgin's Home," and two decorative panels, "Marguerite at her Spinning-wheel" and "Ave Maria," which recommend themselves by their striking color. The three subjects are set in a series of charming views taken in the island of Capri, brilliant studies spiritedly made, in which the artist will find valuable material for future compositions.

Now comes one of the most original, enchanting, disturbing artists of the young generation. I speak of M. Eugène Carrière. His strongly individualized talent has at last seized upon the public who, for a long time, passed unheedingly by his suave monochromes, ignorant as yet that the art of painting, as well as every other art, should not have any fixed formula, and that the great artist is he who can, whatever his manner may be, give to his vision a form so suggestive that we cannot see it ourselves without experiencing in some degree the same emotion that he has himself felt.

What does it matter to us that M. Carrière does not employ his brush save in various tones of grey, provided the precious materials with which he can always enrich his palette suffices to express his idea and to attract our sympathies? How many famous painters of to-day I know, who are like certain loquacious orators whose deceptive renown is merely the result of a false eloquence.

of empty words, and blatant brag. They content themselves with an ephemeral semblance of glory born of that species of bedazzlement experienced by a gullible public on beholding a glaring display of tawdry shallow canvases. Let M. Carrière still pursue, in the calm serenity which befits his lofty talent, the refined appreciative exposition of his ideal so purely human, which he can always invest with an atmosphere of tender sympathetic poetry. His work is of that character which invariably attracts us, and we are glad to forget in its contemplation the cold, harsh, realistic conceptions and mechanical skill of the greater portion of our modern formulas.

Our embarrassment would, we think, be very great, were we compelled to select the work we most prefer among those exhibited this year by M. Carrière under the various titles of "Sleep," "Tenderness," "The Cup," "Young Girl at her Toilet," "Le Cahier," and "Déjeuner." In each there is an inexpressible charm, and one alone among them, "Le Cahier," would suffice to render popular the painter who has signed it, certainly among those for whom skillful, sympathetic and original expression of a freely embodied thought constitutes a true work of art.

M. Jeanniot's exhibits are numerous, but only one has any real importance. It is that catalogued as "An Old Couple," (501). The others, though charming, are only studies; but whether it is a scene shadowed by the approaching night, or the agitated waves of the ocean, or fields lightened by the midday sun, all are executed with absolute fidelity to nature. But the "Old Couple" is a masterly work before which we must pause awhile.

It is scarcely necessary for us to explain that M. Jeanniot's subject consists of two persons, but they are two persons who are indeed very old. With a keen, penetrating eye, the painter has reproduced all their wrinkled features, and rendered with a sympathy which he communicates to the spectator their enfeebled and sinking forms. These two poor old people, whose hands are

A DREAM OF BEAUTY

deformed by toil in the fields and whose skin is rendered coarse by the keen winds of wintry mornings, are seated in silence near the hearth. The artist has admirably depicted the sad reverie of the aged, lonely couple, and with the finest art he has imparted a still more melancholy effect to his subject by enveloping his composition in a soft twilight, a light almost of the tomb, of blueish transparency, through which the outlines of the old couple and the various objects in the room are seen only dimly and vaguely, and become lost. A veil of sadness seems drawn around the whole composition.

It is indeed a picture of the highest importance, and we are unable to decide whether we do not prefer it even to the "Deux Pays," that delightful military idyl which we shall always regret not to see honorably installed in the Museum of the Luxembourg.

We had expected to find at the Champ de Mars a more extensive exhibition of the works of M. Dinet. Taking into consideration the fact that the regulations of the Société Nationale des Artistes Français allow each exhibitor to be represented at the Salon by as many as ten pictures, M. Dinet could, without injuring his reputation which is so firmly established, have supplemented the three beautiful compositions which he shows us this year with a few of those brilliant Oriental studies into which he has put so

much light, heat and truth. Having said this, however, we most readily admit that with his "Snake Charmer," his "Fighting for a sou," and his "Daphnis and Chloe," M. Dinet figures very creditably at the Champ de Mars. It is far beyond the lofty Algerian plateaus, almost on the borders of the irreclaimable, sandy regions of the Touaregs, in the burning brightness of the desert, that M. Dinet looks for his inspirations. And from these distant wanderings he brings compositions of singular aspect, where live in a dazzling, vibrating light, types of uncivilized beauty unknown in the region of the Tell.

"The Snake Charmer" and the "Fighting for a sou" are compositions full of strikingly original qualities. The drawing is vigorous and real, while the physiognomy of each individual is carefully studied.

In the canvas which he calls "Daphnis and Chloe," M. Dinet, to whom the contemplation of the desert leaves, it would seem, leisure enough to read the romantic stories of the problematical Longus, allows us to witness the bath of the two young lovers; and this painting from which we derive a sensation of exquisite freshness, proves that the brush of this artist is capable of rendering the roundness of the youthful figure and Western environments, as well as the tanned skins of the Arabs, the majestic folds of their bernouses, and the fiery breath of the sirocco.

M. Dagnan-Bouveret, whose earnest, powerful talent scarcely lends itself to improvisation, has, no doubt, lacked the time to fully complete a work of great importance since the day when he exhibited with such marked success his "Bretonnes au Pardon" and his "Virgin,"—soft and gentle in the chastened light as an apparition seen by moonlight, or like the image of some faded, stained-glass-window saint, illumined by the last rays of the setting sun. Nevertheless, he has decided to figure at the Champ de Mars, and is represented there by three pictures, a "River Bank," a "Portrait of a Man," and the "Cemetery of Sidi-Kebir"

(at Blidah, in Algeria), and in these we find all the qualities of color and drawing in which the young master excels.

No artist will have been more discussed, more praised, more censured, or more applauded than Besnard. And the thing is easy to understand, for never did painter battle more audaciously against established doctrines, or produce works more adapted at once to captivate the fastidious by the suggestive charm of their quivering colors, and to horrify the respectful admirers of conventional formulas, by the profound, if at times exaggerated, fancy displayed in their execution.

The canvases exhibited this year by this artist will scarcely serve, if the remarks overheard in the groups before them are to have any weight, to allay the irritation which he stirs up in the minds of the grave adherents of the school whose teaching the quondam *Prix de Rome*, Paul Besnard, has made his butt and the object of his contumely.

When in front of Besnard's "Dream of Beauty," with its drawing so elegant, and its satiny flesh so beautifully modeled and clothed with the changing reflections of the checkered light as it falls through the flowers and foliage, I heard such hostile criticism, full of angry abuse, that Besnard could not have listened to it without being annihilated. The same crushing remarks, always couched in the tersest language, were repeated before his two wondrously refined and delicate compositions "Sleep" and "Sleeplessness." And the criticism of these modern Vandals was scarcely milder in tone when the canvas entitled "A Family" came under their consideration. In this work, however, Besnard makes no attempt to obtain new effects, but shows us the pleasing spectacle of a joyous gathering of children who seem to blossom under the tender regard of their mother.

This scene is brightly lit up by a door which opens on to a landscape of lake and mountain. Near this door, in the shade, stands the father, a man of tall stature, who is very much like

Besnard himself, and who appears to behold, with legitimate pride, the charming group of mother and children.

M. Duez has not thought it his duty this year to let the visitors to the Salon of the Champ de Mars see the best specimens of his fine talent, and we do not hesitate to censure him for it. Surely the occasion was one of sufficient importance for him to be represented there in as brilliant a manner as possible, and, besides, *Noblesse oblige.*

The portrait of Georges Hugo pleases us but little. It is a work with no accent or strength, the drawing is without energy and unsubstantial. I admit that the color is effective, but the merit of a painting does not always depend on its material quality, despite what certain fierce manipulators may say, whose ideal of art is contained in sparkling dash of the brush. Alas! how far we are from the sailors' portraits which M. Duez showed us some months ago at the exhibition of pastels; of their living expression, conveyed in drawing so original and powerful, we still have a vivid remembrance.

M. Duez exhibits, by the side of the portrait of Georges Hugo, three other canvases of less importance, "The Café on the Terrace," a "Seapiece," and a "Flowery Meadow (Villerville)," where we again recognize the skillful interpreter of the flowering gardens, grassy banks, and glaucous, calm seas of Normandy, with all the masterly touches of a brush which is alternately delicate and powerful.

M. Roll sends five portraits and three landscapes. Each of these paintings is a most vivid exposition of the sound, healthy talent of the artist. But in our opinion those in which the original qualities of M. Roll manifest themselves most strikingly are the "Portrait of M. Yves Guyot," Minister of Public Works, and the "Child with Nurse" (768). They are two examples of high mastership, to which we may add the remarkable "Portrait of M. Antonin Proust," which Roll exhibits in the section devoted to pastels.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. [illegible]

Under the title of "A mournful Sea," M. Roll, who is, when he likes, a very able marine painter, presents us with a fog-effect of appalling solemnity. I cannot look at this canvas, full of saddening reminiscences, without thinking of those last lines of the *Pêcheurs d'Islande,* that masterpiece of Pierre Loti : "During the whole of the time, dark veils were flapping above the moving curtains stretched to hide the merrymaking, and the bride's screams made a terrible noise, which drowned all other lamentations.

M. Edelfelt, whose talent so thoroughly original appeared to have undergone for some years disturbing influences, comes back from Finland, his native country, where he has found his real inspiration, with six canvases (portraits and landscapes) which obtain, and with justice, a very brilliant success. His "Portrait of a Child" is a little *chef-d'œuvre* in its skillful execution and vibrating, silvery color; while his "Sunset in Finland," which has been, it is easy to guess, inspired by deep affection for his native land, is majestically grand and profoundly poetical.

M. Louis Picard is above all a portrait painter. Yet, without doubt, his talent, at once so ready and genuine, finds opportunity now and then to show itself successfully in *genre* subjects, as in the "Interior of a Beer-house," and the "Arrival of the Fire Escape;" but it is especially in the analysis of the human figure that his masterly brush is employed with the greatest power and confidence. His portraits of Madame C. M. and of M. E. Hoschedé are two works of the first class. We are quite easy as to the future of M. Louis Picard, and are much mistaken if this young artist does not ere long create for himself a most important position among contemporary painters.

The chief characteristic of the remarkable exhibition of M. Gustave Colin, who is represented at the Salon of the Champ de Mars by eleven canvases, is the intense brilliancy of the coloring. M. Colin's art speaks loud and clear. His broad and slashing touches are healthy and vigorous, and he knows full well the

secret of effecting happy combinations between the most uncompromising colors. Each of his canvases is like an harmonious concert of penetrating voices.

M. Colin is an artist essentially original; without doubt his respect for Géricault and Delacroix must be very great, but in our opinion criticism is unjust when it reproaches him with being

too much influenced by these masters, for there exist between him and them, only natural artistic affinities. I imagine that some day full justice will be rendered to M. Gustave Colin's work, which is not sufficiently appreciated at present.

M. Jean Béraud is always the masterly anecdotic painter of the manners and scenes of contemporary life. His "Monte Carlo" is a curious study of the different types of players, and he has very well rendered the manifold expression of anxiety provoked by the

AVE MARIA

decisive, *Rien ne va plus!* of the croupier. M. Béraud's brush has neither the warmth of Gustave Colin's, nor the suppleness of Carrière's; but, for all that, he attains most interesting artistic effects by the admirable rendering of the action of his characters.

The three German painters Kuehl, von Uhde, and Liebermann, who are faithful *habitués* of our Paris exhibitions, in which they have gained their most brilliant honors, are represented at the Salon of the Champ de Mars by some very remarkable works.

Under the title "Ave Maria," the first-named artist shows us a young girl veiled in white, accompanying herself on the organ in a church quite flooded with a soft, pale light, a sort of mystic brightness which gives to the youthful musician the aspect of some celestial apparition. This charming canvas is exquisite in delicacy of touch, and in softness and freshness of coloring.

We like less, or to express ourselves more frankly, we do not at all like the other canvas of the same artist, "Interior of the Church of St. John at Munich." We here find embodied with startling exaggeration the method of impasto which for some years has been tending to become general in certain schools of the North, and against the uselessness and coarseness of which we shall for ever protest. It is no longer painting, it is no longer art; but common masonry. M. Kuehl, whose natural talent is at once supple, delicate and powerful, cannot be excused for his "Interior of the Church of St. John at Munich." It is a grave fault which even his "Ave Maria" is not sufficient to redeem.

M. Fritz von Uhde exhibits this year only one picture entitled "Yonder is the Inn!" But this work is in our opinion one of the best in the Salon. The subject is taken from the life of the poor, and it is expressed with considerable feeling, so that the spectator's sympathy is enlisted perforce. Two wretched beings, man and wife, bowed down by the weight of their implements of labor, are making their way supporting one another across a sad and monotonous level country, surrounded by the mists of evening. A

fine rain is falling from the low and heavy sky, darkening still more the mournful landscape,—an appropriate setting for the misery of these unhappy creatures, whose weariness it is almost painful to witness. In the distance can be seen but vaguely the outline of an inn. It is impossible, we think, to better express the jaded, spiritless gait of the toil-worn laborer or the sadness of the earth and sky. This canvas is a powerful piece of work which will endure.

"On the Dunes," by M. Liebermann, is another heart-rending subject. It is also a bitter though eloquent rendering of human misery, and one is filled with pity for this ragged old woman, so weird and bony, dragging angrily, almost fiercely, her emaciated goat—her entire wealth—across the sterile dune, under a leaden sky, cheerless as the cover of a tomb.

It seems as if the scorching breath of socialism, which is passing now over old Germany, had heated the heart of these artists, and caused to spring up therein a deep commiseration for the poor, whose misery no speech or writing can express so eloquently as the two remarkable canvases of which we have just spoken.

We are now at the end of our task, and yet we could still discuss many points and analyze many interesting works. But the limits of our review are clearly defined, and we must not attempt it. Let us be satisfied with mentioning here the names of the artists whose canvases have most attracted our attention. We regret we can do no more. Gaston Latouche, with four canvases, "Peonies," "Phloxes," "A Holiday," and his mother's portrait, has obtained a very genuine success. M. Latouche is a striking, original colorist but he should strive still further to mature his compositions. Delort is always skillful in painting fanciful subjects of by-gone days; Salzedo sends a good painting entitled "Trial in the Court of Appeal," in which is evident a very keen observation; Hugo Salmson's "Bataille," representing a group of children seated playing at cards, is another remarkable work; Carl von Stetten, shows signs of great progress with his "Elder Sister" and "Peach

P. SALZEDO

TRIAL IN THE COURT OF APPEAL

Trees in blossom;" Anders Zorn's much appreciated contributions include a pretty *genre* painting, charming in color, entitled "Summer (Sweden)," a small picture too modestly called "A Study of Light," and also three striking portraits, one of which, that of Dr. Antell, is a great success. We would also mention Hitchcock's "Pastorale," Durst's "In the Garden" and "Minding Turkeys;" Mademoiselle Hitz's "Young Breton Girls Sewing," and "Evening;" "Cold October," "Mid-Lent," and "Portrait of Mademoiselle P." by Goeneutte; "Young Women of Zandwoort going to the Fish Market," by Josef Israëls; the "Last Rays of Light (Sweden)," by Carl Larsson; Mesdag's "Sea-pieces;" the pretty sporting and military subjects by M. John Lewis Brown; the "Dancing Lesson," by M. Prinet, a young painter whose future is most promising; the Oriental types and views of M. Georges Bretegnier; the beautiful, symbolical composition "Vanity," by M. Agache; the two canvases "The Little Housekeeper" and "Waiting"—good, genuine work— by M. Artz; the Japanese landscapes, by M. Louis Dumoulin; M. Frappa's elegant portraits; Roger Jourdain's "Children" and "The Seine after Sunset;" the still-life subjects of M. Zakarian and Madame Annie Ayrton, the

beautiful animal studies of M. Eugène Burnand; "A Capital Story," by M. du Puigaudeau; Mademoiselle Louise Breslau's portraits; M. Dulac's "Fish."

Landscape is also very well represented at the Salon of the Champ de Mars, for a good number of excellent paintings are signed by MM. Cazin, Thaulow, Billotte, Boudin, Binet, Cabrit, Damoye, Guignard, Iwil, Baron, Émile Bastien-Lepage, Ekstrom, Jettel, Lebourg, Sisley, Le Camus.

Finally, we select from the section of drawings, water-colors, pastels and engravings, the names of Madeleine Lemaire, Gaston Latouche, Jeanne Leroux, Carl Larsson, whose pastel entitled "In the Fields" is absolutely exquisite, Béthune, Lhermitte, Willy-Martins, Prinet, Jeanne Bosc, Lewis Brown, Breslau, Thaulow, Binet, Zorn, Braquemond, Waltner, Kœpping, Le Rat, Desmoulin, Desboutin, Boilvin, Forain, Paul Renouard.

Let us pause for a moment at these two names, for they are those of artists of intuitive and highly characteristic talent.

M. Jean-Louis Forain exhibits twenty-three original drawings which have been reproduced in the *Courrier français*. They are, for the most part, done with pen and ink and set off with a few light touches in water-color.

All Forain's subjects—which are taken from real life—are rendered with biting irony, at times verging on cruelty. His corpulent bankers and his ineffable mothers of *danseuses* will ere long occupy a glorious place in the immortal phalanx in which we find Monnier's *bourgeois,* Daumier's Robert Macaire, and Gavarni's Vireloque.

I have no advice to give Forain, but I am of opinion that he would very soon become as popular as the three great artists whom I have just mentioned, if he would extend the field of his studies, and cease to immure himself, a little too exclusively, in a world of ideas accessible only to the minority.

Satire will never have a greater choice of inspiring subjects than in these closing years of the nineteenth century when char-

PORTION OF A DECORATIVE PANEL FOR THE HOTEL-DE VILLE (PARIS)

latanism triumphs everywhere, displaying with impunity in the midst of general disgust, its brazen-faced mediocrity.

While we write these lines, M. Paul Renouard is organizing in the galleries of the Théâtre d'Application an important exhibition of his drawings, water-colors, pastels, and etchings. We should therefore advise amateurs to repair thither in order to obtain a correct idea of the original talent of this artist.

Let us add, however, that M. Renouard, considered simply as a designer, is sufficiently represented at the Salon of the Champ de Mars by the eight compositions in pencil which he exhibits there, and with which he has obtained one of the most deserved successes of the season. All these superb drawings taken mostly from London life—qualified too modestly as "sketches" by M. Paul Renouard in the catalogue—are powerfully and cleverly executed, and will long arrest the visitor's attention.

Let us also mention the charming subjects of child-life by Serret, some of which, with their slight coating of pastel, recall the execution of certain crayon drawings of Millet, and the admirable pastels of the Norwegian painter, Fritz Thaulow, in which, with exquisite delicacy of touch, consummate art and most original workmanship, this skillful artist has so truly rendered the cold whiteness of snow and the freshness of mountain torrents.

The ground-floor of the Palais de l'Industrie is, we must admit, a splendid place for an exhibition of sculpture. The whiteness of marble shines there in all its brilliancy, in a light devoid of harshness, under the influence of which the most delicate details of modeling display their highest effects. It is doubtless for this reason that among the dissentients, the sculptors are still few, and the hesitancy, otherwise very legitimate, of those who still exhibit at the Palais des Champs-Élysées, will continue, we think, as long as the organizers of the exhibitions at the Champ de Mars are unable to find for their sculpture a place less unfavorable than the circular gallery of the dome of the Palais des Beaux-Arts.

Let us admit, however, that if the majority of our sculptors have remained faithful to the Société des Artistes Français, there are many prominent ones to be seen in the group, or we might say army, of the dissentients.

We will cite, in the first place, two masters, Auguste Rodin and Dalou who exhibit, among a number of projects in which we find promise of works of the first rank, two superb marbles, one a "Danae" of remarkable action, the other a bust of M. Floquet, full of life and of faultless execution. Rodin exhibits, besides, a superb female bust in silver, a torso in bronze, a little too much modernized for an antique, an old woman in bronze frightfully saddening in her skeleton-like nudity, and sketches which have doubtlessly been taken from the mournful crowd of his "Porte de l'Enfer."

We would also mention M. Baffier and the Belgian sculptor Constantin Meunier, who show a series of bronzes of the highest character; Desbois, whose plaster group of "Death," powerful in its execution and appalling in its realism, causes a shudder to pass through the spectator; Alfred Lenoir, who has fixed in marble, with rare talent, the features of Honoré Daumier and Edmond de Goncourt; this bust of Daumier, which is a perfect likeness, will soon figure in the museum of Versailles by the side of the bust of Gavarni, which has just been executed by the sculptor Injalbert.

ISRAELS

YOUNG WOMEN OF ZANDWOORT GOING TO THE FISH MARKET

SAXON [illegible]

The Administration des Beaux-Arts has done itself an honor in ordering the portraits of these two great artists from sculptors of such high standing, and also in deciding that they shall be placed in the glorious company of the other busts at Versailles. But the official consecration of the talent, so characteristically French, of our two most illustrious satirical painters, will not be complete until a place of honor shall have been given at the Louvre to some of their best crayon and most brilliant water-colors.

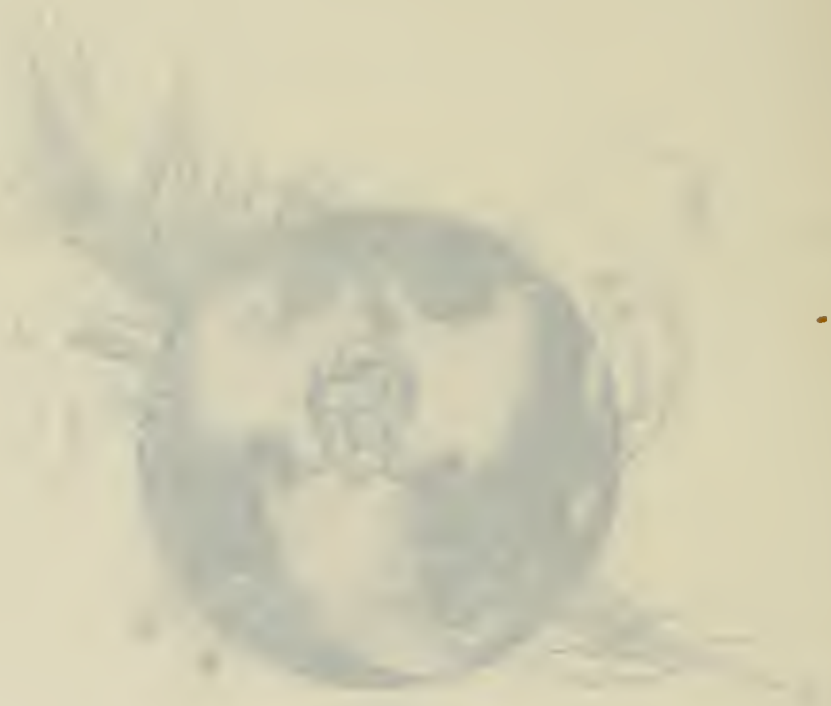
Then we have Cordonnier, whose feminine busts are so full of grace and so admirable in their execution; Le Duc, who is undoubtedly one of our foremost animal sculptors; Ringel d'Illzach, who, like David d'Angers, undertakes to perpetuate the memory of his contemporaries in medallions of bronze, and performs his task excellently well; Michel Malherbe, a young man who will, in time to come, stand in the first rank, and this year with his "Last Nymph" has achieved a very honorable success; Charpentier (Alexandre) whose bas-relief "A Young Mother with a Child at her Breast" is of life-like expression and wonderful in the delicacy of its execution. We also noted "Mother and Child" (a plaster bust), and an exquisite statue in faïence, a "Young Girl," by Madame Charlotte Besnard, and the "Sailor's Wife," a bronze mask of very beautiful conception, by M. Jean Cazin.

And now let us say with our dear master and friend Paul Mantz, who will no doubt pardon us for having borrowed from him the following epilogue, wherein all we would say is so well summed up: "The Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts will live. This first success demonstrates that it has a true source of vitality, and it is moreover under the guidance of able men who have no need of our counsel. In order to succeed it has but to remain faithful to its principles. While we may expect that it will not be too exclusive an association, yet it should not open its doors indiscriminately to all comers. Liberalism must not degenerate into a kind of blind hail-

fellowship and of freedom tantamount to excess. There must be no weakness if overcrowding is to be avoided.

"We wanted something in the way of restricted exhibitions judiciously selected and well ordered. The Société Nationale can give us this. After the success which it has just obtained, we may be sure a crowd of candidates will besiege its doors. If it is to maintain a high standard and to establish itself as an artistic *élite,* the Société will have to be severe, almost savage, when dealing with the invading mediocrities."

ARMAND DAYOT.



# LIST OF AWARDS

## PAINTING

### "Médaille d'Honneur."

M. F.-Louis Français.

### First Medal.

M. A. de Richemont.

### Second Medals.

MM. M. Le Liepvre, H. Rachou, H. Fournier, E. Carpentier, M. Bompard, F. Gueldry, P. Franc-Lamy, A.-C. Mengin, E. Yarz, E. Chigot, A. Beauvais, A. Pezant, A.-A. Lambert, P. Bertrand.

### Third Medals.

MM. E. Clary, É. Michel-Lançon, P. Peel, Mme H. Le Roy-d'Étiolles, C. Rojas, L.-C. Massaux, F. Nardi, J. Van Beers, J. Rouffet, C. Quinton, C. Bourgonnier, E.-W. Grier, W.-H.-Y. Titcombe, S. Bosch-Reitz, L. Simon, J.-L. Stewart, F. Du Mond, F. Humbert, A. Lynch, J. Boquet, P.-H. Flandrin, L.-P. Sergent, U. Chéca, H.-J.-J. Richir, A. Grison, P. Buffet.

### "Mentions honorables."

MM. A de Kossak, H. Pinta, L. Wolles, A. Collin, L. Corinth, E.-É. Leménorel, J. Paterson, G.-L. Dennery, J. Van Biesbroeck, C.-H. Franzini d'Issoncourt, E.-M.-J. Lomond, Mlle M. Carpentier, C. Bitte, J. Veber, A.-C.-L. Lavalley, É.-P. Merite, T. Bastet, C.-C. Curran, E. Girardin, E. Van Hove, F.-P. Vinton, L.-M. Pierrey, Mlle J. Berthauld, J.-P. Héron, W. Lee, L. Gagneau, E. Azambre, G. Belleroche, L.-F. Kowalsky, R. Hall, A. Herter, P. Bellet, Didier-Pouget, J. Ricci, P. Gomez, E. Trigoulet, M. Perret, G.-O. Desvallières, F. Berne-Bellecour, C. Fouqueray, T. Doat, O. Guillonet, Mme J. Choppard-Mazeau, G. Charpentier, L.-A. Tourny, A. Delaistre, A. Le Mayeur, G. Maréchal, G. Neymark, H. Royer, Mlle B. Pallick, F. Maglin, J.-W. Cunningham, C. Gosselin, J. Enders, J.-G. Bondoux, A. Gros, R.-C.-W. Bunny, A. Piot.

## SCULPTURE

### First Medals.

MM. F.-M. Charpentier, D. Puech.

### Second Medals.

MM. H.-D. Gauquié, G.-E.-B. Pech, E. Dolivet, L.-D. Mathet, P. Rambaud, H. Icard, G. Tonnellier, A. Borrel.

### Third Medals.

MM. J. Renaudot, H. Vidal, A. Teixeira-Lopes, A. Larroux, R. Larche, G. Recipon, D. Fosse, A.-C. Forestier, B. Caniez, E. Dagonet, C.-P. Lancelot.

### "Mentions honorables."

MM. E.-A. Stewardson, É.-M. Bergès, T.-F.-d'Araujo Costa, P. Devaux, C. Masson, J. Masson, T.-L.-C. Tholenaar, T.-H. Bouillon, D. Tilden, D. Campagne, J. Lenormand, J. Belin, G.-R. Fouace, F. Gilbault, C.-H. Theunissen, G. Van der Straeten, Miss T.-A. Ruggles, H. de Moncourt, C.-E. Dallin, G. Mitchell, L. Tharel, Mme N. Coutant, E. de Laheudrie, Mme P. Maillot, A. Van Beurden, Mlle N. Petersen, F. Richard, J.-P. Brateau, S.-I. Kulle, E.-T. Jamain, E. Dropsy.

## ARCHITECTURE

**"Médaille d'Honneur."**

M. G.-F. Redon.

**First Medals.**

MM. L. Fournereau, A.-A.-L. Marcel.

**Second Medals.**

MM. L.-J. Ridel, H.-J.-B. D'Espouy, H.-L. Laffillée.

**Third Medals.**

MM. A. Conin, L.-M. Cordonnier, H. Toussaint, J. Laborey, R. Moreau, H. Schmit, E.-R. Le Ray.

**"Mentions honorables."**

MM. L. Benouville, C. Breffendille, G. Cousin, G. Demay, M.-L. Destors, F.-A.-A. Dupuis, E.-A. Forget, E. Garnier, T. Lambert, C. Lichtenfelder, G.-E. Malgras, A.-P.-V. Tellier, L. Viraut.

## ENGRAVING AND LITHOGRAPHY

**"Médaille d'Honneur."**

M. A.-F. Laguillermie.

**First Medal.**

M. G. Lévy (*burin*).

**Second Medal.**

M. A.-F. Milius (*etching*).

**Third Medals.**

MM. M.-H.-F. Rapine (*burin*); C. Giroux, C.-B. de Billy, L.-V. Ruet (*etching*); J. Tinayre, G. Baudouin, Mlle M.-J. Jacob, E.-L. Derbier (*wood engraving*); L.-J. Fuchs, A.-L. Hermant, H.-N. Dugourd (*lithography*).

**"Mentions honorables."**

MM. E.-J. Sulpis, W. Barbotin, A. Nargeot, E.-M.-L. Chiquet (*burin*); C.-A. Coppier, H.-L. Martin, L. Lambert, E.-A. Rudaux, A. Coret, R.-A. Brisse (*etching*); Perrichon fils, E. Anne, Mlle J. Leluc, H. Joffroy, C. Romagnol, E. Florian (*wood engraving*); A. Bernast, L.-L. Voisin, H.-P. Dillon, J.-G. Dubois-Menant, A.-C. Benard (*lithography*).

**"Prix Marie Bashkirtseff."**

M. P. Bertrand.

**"Prix de Raigecourt-Goyon."**

M. A. Guery.

# LIST OF WORKS OF ART

## PURCHASED BY THE STATE

### PAINTING

MM. Beauverie . . . . . *Fishing in the Étang du Palais, near Fleurs.*
Bertrand (P.) . . . . . *Le Pradon : near Hyères.*
Billotte (R.). . . . . *Effect of Snow : the Asnières Gate.*
Binet . . . . . *Evening.*
Blayn (F.) . . . . . *The Evening Meal ; Villerville.*
Bompard (M.). . . . . *The Butchers of Chelma.*
Boudot. . . . . *Orchards at Hyèvre ; end of October.*
Bourgogne . . . . . *Autumn Flowers and Fruit.*
Bourgonnier . . . . . *The Metal Chasers.*
Brown (J.-L.). . . . . *Before the Start.*
Busson . . . . . *At Bay.*
Caille (L.) . . . . . *By the Fireside.*
Casile . . . . . *Entrance to the New Harbor of Marseilles.*
Cesbron . . . . . *Art rules over all.*
Chigot . . . . . *Evening Prayer.*
Dameron . . . . . *The Seine, at Petit-Andelys.*
Dantan . . . . . *Building a Conservatory.*
Darien . . . . . *The Quai du Louvre, at Paris.*
Dauphin . . . . . *A Nook in Old Toulon.*
Desliens (Mlle) . . . . . *Springtime.*
Desgoffe. . . . . *Circassian Helmet.*
Didier-Pouget . . . . . *Gorse.*
Diranian . . . . . *The Call : banks of the Lot.*
Dupré (J.) . . . . . *The White Cow.*
Fouace . . . . . *My Catch.*
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